In this issue *of* The Outlook

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From Publisher—To You

READERS of The Outlook will find in this issue one of the most challenging and thoroughly honest articles printed in some time. Titled "The Harm My Education Did Me" and signed Ex-Feminist, it is by one of the finest younger women of the day.

ORDINARILY, we are not inclined to favor publishing anonymous articles. A single reading of this one, however, will make clear at once why the name of its author must be withheld. To reveal her identity—given to us in strict confidence—would inevitably lead to harm. Many people, not named, would be easily identified, and the whole spirit and purpose of the article nullified and twisted by making personal in its application what is meant to be purely a general constructive criticism aimed at our educational system.

TO our mind, it is a statement of experience likely to make every mother of a daughter think—and perhaps review her own life and education. It brings into the open a situation which has perhaps already caused the educators of our young women many difficult days.

IF a statement of general, and not simply personal experience, it offers a distinct challenge to things as they are. In addition to being an exceptionally penetrating bit of criticism, it struck us as warmed by a human tolerance and charity exceedingly rare.

WE would like to know what women in general, young or old, think of it—in particular, those who occupy positions of authority in our colleges.

ON a succeeding page will be found still another view of the much-discussed article "Fear," by Miss Millay. In this case it is by a poet and writer, far distant from New England, who feels that mankind has not yet sold itself to the devil—that dreams and visions have always actuated the great majority of us, and still do; and that he can discern their fruits, day by day, as he travels toward the setting sun.

DO not miss "Who's Afraid?" by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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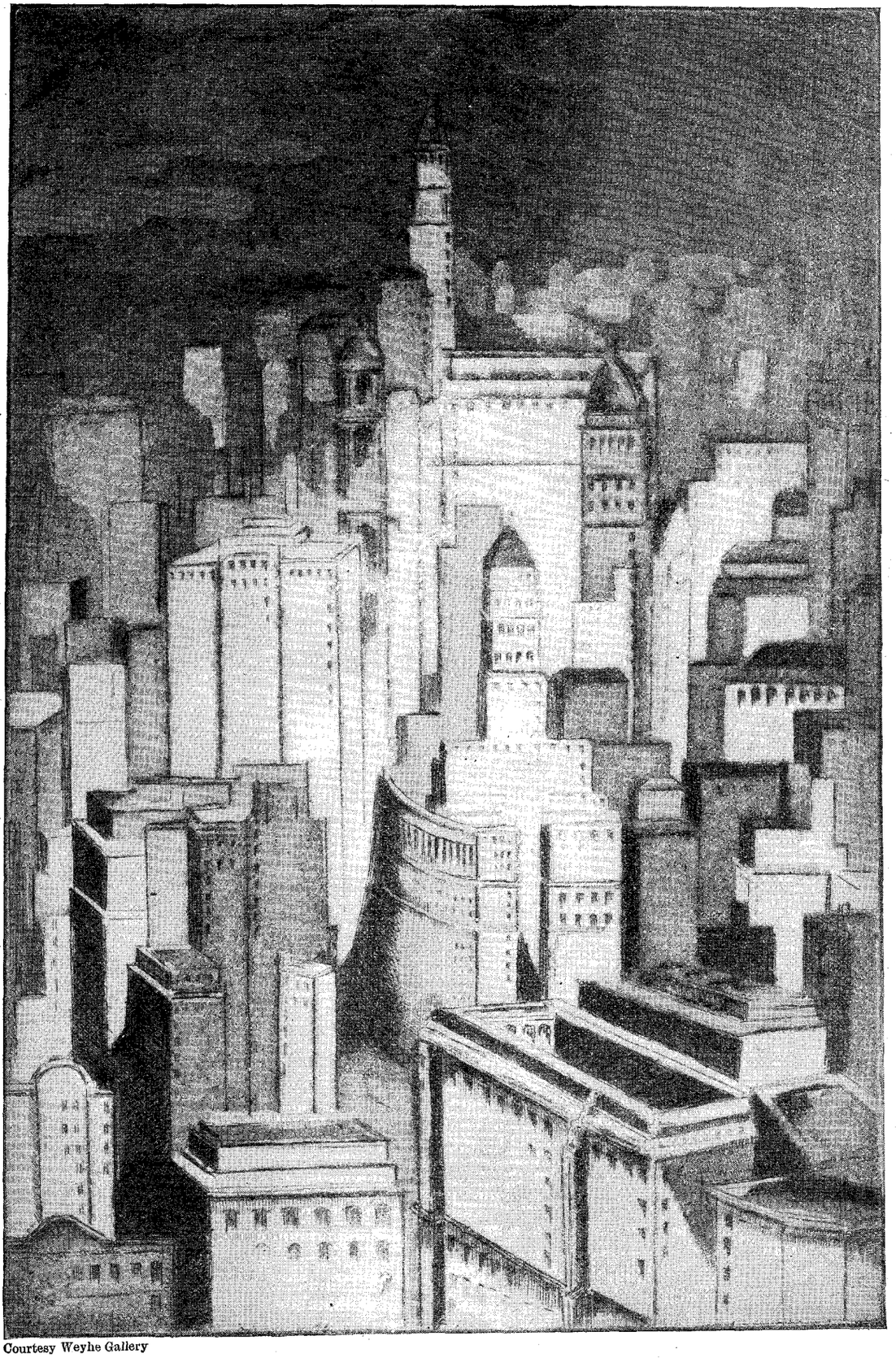

Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

NEW YORK ROOFS

An etching by Emil Ganso

Emil Ganso was a baker when his talent was discovered. He is now living near Woodstock, New York

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The Outlook

Volume 147 November 30, 1927 Number 13

THE WEEK

Out to Beat Al Smith?

DIVERSE reports come to us concerning the policy of Southern politicians toward the candidacy of Governor Smith.

From a well-informed correspondent in the extreme South comes, on the one hand, the report that, especially in the cotton States, the impression seems to grow that the way to defeat Governor Alfred E. Smith in the Democratic nomination is to concentrate on defeating him. According to this impression, the plan is to drop other political interests and to put all effort into the naming of delegations to the Democratic National Convention pledged to nobody, but oath-bound against Governor Smith's candidacy. One instance is cited in which the women of the Protestant churches of a little city in Texas had banded together for the exclusive purpose of fighting Governor Smith's nomination. Another instance is that of a Southern Methodist conference in which the defeat of the Smith candidacy was made the subject of a resolution which only the more diplomatic members prevented the conference from passing in its original form, but which was finally passed in a form which left little doubt as to its meaning.

Dry, anti-Catholic, anti-Tammany, and anti-New York City sentiments, it is said, all furnish motives for the movement. But the theory behind it is, of course, that if the Smith campaign leaders learn before the Convention that there are a decisive number of votes which they never can have, that campaign will collapse the sooner and leave the anti-Smith forces free to pick a satisfactory candidate at their leisure.

As political strategy the obvious weakness of this plan is that it makes Governor Smith the sole figure on the Democratic landscape. Saint or horned demon, he would receive from this, if the plan were carried out, an extraordinary amount of personal advertising. If all who are not against Smith in the South are thus driven to be for him, the Smith campaign will almost necessarily, it is argued, attract a large number of Southern adherents who would normally be disposed to neutrality.

It may be replied that such a plan once succeeded. In 1916 the Republican bosses saw to it that a sufficient number of delegates were pledged to nobody in particular, but against ex-President Theodore Roosevelt to assure Roosevelt's defeat. So honest were these delegates that when the bosses changed their minds they could not change the delegates' minds. But that was more than ten years ago. Perhaps that cannot be done now.

At any rate, the impression among the original Smith following, according to this report, is growing that their candidate is being politically martyred. This impression may even extend to some who now are opposed to Governor Smith. It is suggested, therefore, that the anti-Smith movement might prove more effective if it opposed the Governor, not with the vote of general antipathy, but with a better candidate.

The question thus arises whether it is best to try to beat Governor Smith with nobody.

Or Out for Other Men?

ON the other hand, we get from our Washington correspondent, who has been traveling through the South, the report that nobody in the South—certainly no politician—is lying awake nights hating Al Smith. Those who are opposed to Governor Smith, according to this report (in which, of course, we have great confidence), do not seem to think of him much unless he is called to their attention. As a matter of fact, they talk about other candidates. There may be localities in which Democratic voters are content with being against Governor Smith, but they are not numerous or significant—at least in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. It is true that the Democratic voters in the South are not combined on a candidate. If they should be, our correspondent believes, the result would be a repetition of the fratricide of Madison Square Garden. Any candidate upon whom the Southern States might now concentrate would inevitably become a successor to McAdoo, and therefore become the man whose mission was to stop Smith; and that would mean dissension.

As a matter of fact, we are told, Southern Democrats are interested in a number of candidates, some of whom are not enemies of Governor Smith at all. They are interested in Ritchie of Maryland and Reed of Missouri, both wets, and decidedly interested in Donahey of Ohio, a dry. Kentucky's mind is running strongly to Evans Woollen of Indiana. Tennessee is thinking of a Southern candidate—especially McReynolds, of the Supreme Court, and Representative Hull, both Tennesseans. Others are thinking of Meredith of Iowa, Baker of Ohio, and Houston, now of New York.

According to this report, Governor Smith is not as strong now as he was before Mr. McAdoo withdrew. There is less bitterness than if all Democrats opposed to him were united now on one candidate. Some of the Southern leaders appear to think that Governor Smith is already beaten. But, in any case, another fight like that of 1924, it is argued, and the argument seems reasonable, means ruin to the Democratic Party.

Perhaps the adherents of Governor Smith would like to see their opponents pick somebody now for his opponent.

Oil Prospects in Mexico

QUARRELS about oil have embittered relations between Mexico and the United States ever since the Mexican Congress passed the Petroleum Law of 1925.

That law was enacted under the new

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Constitution of 1917, which declared resources of the soil to be the property of the nation. President Calles put the law in effect at the end of 1926. It provided, by Articles XIV and XV, that titles to oil lands acquired before the passage of the new Constitution might be confirmed, substituting concessions for fifty years in place of full ownership, in case application was made within a year. American corporations opposed the measure as an invasion of their legally acquired property rights.

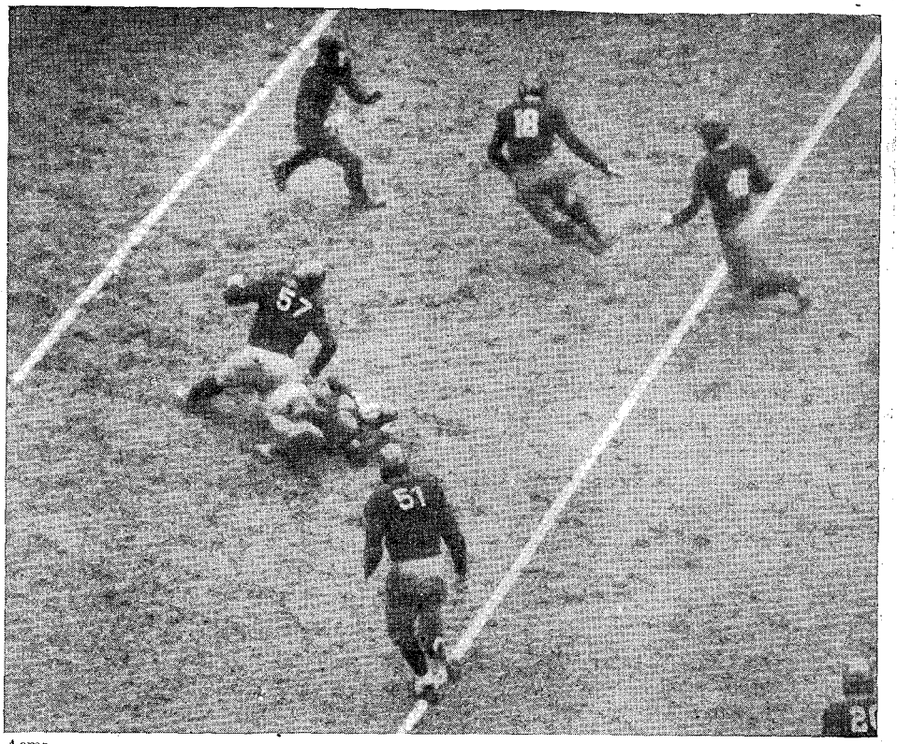
The Mexican Petroleum Company, an American firm, fought the law by asking for a court order to restrain the Department of Industry, Commerce, and Labor from canceling its drilling permits under the terms of the law. Now the Mexican Supreme Court has created intense interest in Mexico City and Washington by a decision in favor of the company, declaring these articles of the law unconstitutional. This decision of the court must be reinforced by four other similar and successive decisions, it is true, before it becomes definitively established. Then the Mexican Congress will have to pass a new Petroleum Law not infringing on the property rights of foreigners before trouble over the issue can be considered entirely past. But the way to dispose of it is now open.

Mexico has taken a long step towards the peaceful adjustment of relations with the United States.

Football at Its Best

FOOTBALL attained the peak of its career this season for a multitude of reasons particularly cheering to those who have nursed it along through one stormy period after another. Its present state of health is unsurpassed, thank you. That applies to the enjoyment of the spectator, the emancipation from the old-time drudgery of the player, and sportsmanship now frequently as graceful as that of the tennis court.

From time to time the game had been in danger from various evil influences. These have been eliminated with apparent permanency. Coaches look upon themselves as educators, and are in most cases members of the faculty. Their teams more than ever this season have been organizations rather than the machines of the old days. Still in the newspapers one finds an eleven referred to as "the thundering herd" or the "Siwash steam-roller." It is a pity that more of the spectators could not sit at the training table with some of these



Acme

GARVEY'S DASH TO VICTORY

This was the high light of Yale's triumph over Harvard in the stadium on November 19. It shows to perfection the pretty interference with which the Yale backs were provided throughout the game

herdsmen or rollers. They would be found to be simple college boys, good students, and better sportsmen than are found in any other game involving personal physical contact.

The battle is as hard as it ever was in the physical sense, and infinitely superior in the mental sense. Except in such instances as those in which one team outclassed another, not an important game this year was won by sheer superior physical power. Generalship accounted for the triumphs all along the line. Thus we have practically a standardized game, with all the thrills of well-matched skill in physical contact, battle plans, forays, and skirmishes, but yet with a great margin of allowance for the upsurge of individual genius, the latter often turning out to be the deciding factor.

It is perhaps significant that some of the great triumphs of the season were scored by elevens habitually given to first-class team-work of an elastic nature —Yale and the Army as fair samples in the East, Illinois in the Middle West, and Georgia in the South. The elasticity of individual play and of coaching was perhaps best illustrated by the turning back of Notre Dame by the Army. Notre Dame was the product of the greatest machine coach in the land, Knute K. Rockne. It was inconceivable, his material being of the best, that he could be defeated, according to his followers, since Army already had lost a close hard game to Yale. Yet the beautifully geared machine was upset by a special and unexpected defense that was the product of shrewd thinking by coaches and players. Once checked, the South Bend team was in its turn unable to stop a soldier attack that was built upon sheer audacity. It was the audacity of one man, Hoben, that gave Yale a victory over Princeton in the last eight minutes of what had looked like a losing game for the Blue. It was a great year for quarterbacks, therefore. And it was an even greater year for the coaches who taught these quarterbacks and then turned the game over to them on the field. Indeed, the old evil of side-line coaching has been checked less by rule than by undergraduate opinion, reinforced by action on the part of coaches who believed that the game belonged primarily to the players.

With the rise of football coaching to the dignity of a teaching profession, football players are coming once more into the control of the game.

How the New Rules Worked

MORE than one incident of the good humor with which the modern game of football is played comes to

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mind; but one will suffice. If there is any harder game than that between Army and Yale, it would be hard to find at that stage of the season. Yet in the thick of it Fishwick, the Yale end, who had to face most of the running of the famous Harry Wilson, the Army captain, stepped up to the Army leader and said: "Look here, Wilson, I want to go to the Army-Navy game. How about it? The next time you come my way, if you get by it's all off; if I stop you, I rate a pair of tickets?" "You're on," was the prompt reply. Fishwick will attend the Army-Navy game and root for the Army in consequence of a superb tackle that followed a few minutes after the bargain.

In a game of such delicate checks and balances as modern football has come to be the so-called "upsets" that trouble the sports writers have long since ceased to annoy the general public. Those who understand the technique of the game can frequently foretell these upsets with considerable accuracy, while in consequence of their frequency many an undergraduate body backing a team that has been beset with reverses all season may have something approaching reason for his hope of a final triumph. On this may rest another tribute to the balance of the game as it stands. Victory lies just around the corner any time. Thus much of the blight of defeat has been removed from the game. No one is entirely downhearted throughout the season.

Not to go too deeply into technique, it is safe to say that no more brilliant play has ever been seen all over the country. The new rules turned out to be eminently satisfactory, despite the advance-season croaking of some of the old-fashioned, hard-boiled coaches who suddenly found themselves confronted with new situations that could not be met by their old-time machines. In the course of the season they became converts to the new régime.

There remains in football nothing to tinker with for another season.

Sugar

AMERICANS from the Atlantic to the Pacific are concerned in the international agreement just reached in Paris to restrict the output of sugar.

Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Germany, and Poland sent delegates to a conference which Cuba took the initiative in calling, under the terms of the recent Geneva conference on the re-establishment of the world balance between production and consumption upset by the war. Through Colonel J. M. Tarafa, representative of President Machado, Cuba also led the way to the policy of checking a rate of production said to threaten entirely to outrun the demand. Colonel Tarafa heads the so-called Cuban Sugar Defense Committee. The agreement achieved in Paris, largely through his efforts, is effective for one year, and then renewable. It provides for the admission of all sugar-exporting countries.

Colonel Tarafa is proceeding to negotiate in Holland with the owners of the Dutch sugar plantations in Java. If he brings them into line, European observers believe that the general agreement for limitation of output will be successful. That means the completion of another international economic combine —similar to the chemical and steel combines already in force in Europe—primarily designed to operate at the expense of the United States.

The United States consumes a little more than six million tons of sugar a year, and rate fixing seems certain to follow the limitation of exports.

The price of a pound of sugar has become an international question of interest to every family in the United States.

Coal Problems Again

THE coal industry in its relations to labor and public service is under discussion in two ways:

A friendly conference of anthracite operators, labor leaders, and public men has been held at Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania. Its representative character is shown by the fact that among the speakers were Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce; Governor John S. Fisher, of Pennsylvania; John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers of America; and Samuel D. Warriner, President of the Anthracite Operators' Conference. The ultimate consumer was not there, but it is evident that he was much in the conference's thoughts and latently in their fear—that is, that he might find that he can get along without anthracite.

Mr. Lewis, for the miners, strongly urged the signing of another five years' agreement as to wages. Governor Fisher and Mr. Warriner would like to get rid of the Pennsylvania State tax on anthracite, but do not exactly see how to do it. Mr. Hoover urged that the public be assured of continuity of the anthracite supply and reduction in costs by improved scientific methods, new methods of co-operation by employees, and improved sales organizations.

The other news aspect of coal mining came from what is described as the pitiful suffering of 130,000 striking soft-coal miners in Pennsylvania and Ohio. A conference of leaders in the American Federation of Labor listened to reports that miners and their families were on the verge of bitter destitution and took measures for relief and to engage public sympathy. Charges were freely made that the coal and iron police had in Pennsylvania committed abuses against the miners, and that evictions of miners from their houses had been cruel and arbitrary. Steps were taken to bring these charges before Governor Fisher and President Coolidge.

Certainly ill conduct on either side of this labor war should be sternly repressed. But as a whole the strike of the soft-coal union miners seems ill-judged; the non-union miners are producing immense quantities of coal; prices have not advanced materially. The trouble is not, at its basis, one of wage rates, but of overproduction and bad organization of the industry.

Congress has spent millions in getting coal commission reports; and so far this is all it has done.

Undergraduate Thinking

SOME recent items of news from what are known in current university slang as "the big three"—that is to say, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—justify the belief that the present generation of college undergraduates is interested in original thinking. At Harvard they have invented a new sport called "vagabonding." To "vagabond" is to frequent or sample various lectures that are not in the courses in which a student is enrolled. It is a sport of pure intellectual pleasure. The "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" looks upon "vagabondage" with approval, because it "shows that the quest of academic credits is not the only thing that brings the undergraduate to the classroom."

At New Haven the "Yale News" is discussing in a spirit of impartial criticism the famous and sacrosanct Yale secret society system. We report this, not because we would ourselves venture an opinion on this delicate and highly intricate subject, but because we approve of any endeavor of undergradu-

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ates to analyze and interpret the microcosm in which they live.

A correspondent of the New York "World" is up in arms because a class in dramatic criticism at Princeton has voted that Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" is the best play ever written and thinks that undergraduates with that kind of intelligence quotient might "be more profitably employed digging ditches." Evidently the complainant in the "World" has never been to college, or he might have suspected that the young Princeton dramatists possibly cast their votes with their tongues in their cheeks. Even if they were serious and prefer "Cyrano" to, let us say, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" or to "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," honesty is the best policy in intellectual as well as in mercantile circles. The first function of a liberal education is to teach men to think, not, parrot-like, to repeat the thoughts of others. Or, in the much better phraseology of Woodrow Wilson when he was President of Princeton: "There is no discipline in information. Some of the best-informed men I have ever met could not reason at all. . . . Information is the raw material of education, but it is not education."

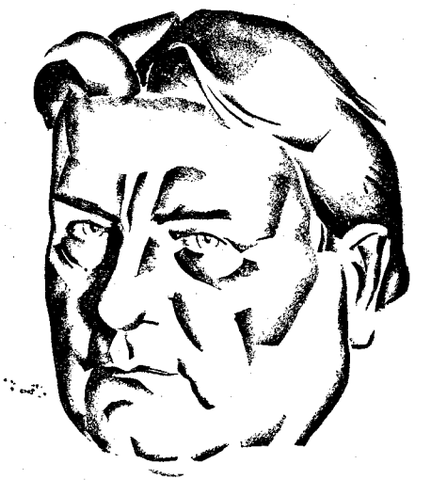
To think honestly is the first requisite to thinking straight.

Intelligent Relief Planning

THE work of relief and restoration in the flooded districts of New England has been going on systematically and efficiently. Attorney-General Sargent is quoted as comparing Vermont's situation with that of the victim of an automobile accident: "If aid is not provided at once, he may become a burden on the community or perhaps die."

Secretary Hoover, following his inspection of the situation, has given practical advice, especially as to rehabilitation measures. He has told the President that the National Red Cross should be given full responsibility for providing or repairing houses, and furnishing cattle, tools, live stock, food, and clothing, and should be authorized to aid merchants and artisans to get back to self-support. The losses in Vermont alone are said to exceed $20,000,000. Secretary Hoover points out that industry does not require gifts, but credit, so that the problem here, as in the Mississippi Valley, is to organize credit availability. Plans in that direction are under way.

That the Red Cross is fitted to do relief work on a large scale is shown by the fact that it is still caring for 17,000 sufferers in the Mississippi Valley, is now carrying on relief work in fifteen States, has been called on for aid in fifteen separate disasters since July 1, and has today 60,000 persons under Red Cross care—St. Louis, Pittsburgh,



Senator Borah of Idaho

and the New England floods furnishing the largest but not the only appeals.

A cartoonist predicts New England's quick recovery now that "Doc. Hoover" and "Nurse Red Cross" are on the job.

Prohibition and Negro Suffrage

WHEN Senator Borah recently made a speech calling for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, there was prompt response from opponents of prohibition asking why there should not also be equal enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

This is supposed to be a crushing reply to Southern dry Democrats. It is somehow assumed that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, establishing the Negro's civil rights and suffrage, are dead letters and are willingly disregarded by all Southern Democrats because of the race question, and it is therefore assumed that the prohibitionist in the South is caught in an inconsistency when he demands the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. But Mr. Borah, of course, is not a Southern Democrat. Why, then, should this reply be made to him? The answer may be found in Mr. Borah's rejoinder that he would be glad to couple with a demand for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment a demand for the enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments also. That is precisely what some Southern politicians would like to see inserted in a Republican platform. If the Negro question were put to the fore now, no Southern State would be likely to be lured away from supporting the Democratic Presidential ticket in 1928. It is fear of Negro politics, a fear built firmly on the experience of Reconstruction days, that has kept the South solid. Of course, no one imagines that any Republican Administration will police the Southern polls with Federal bayonets, but at least one Southern Democratic newspaper, the El Paso "Morning Times," has "dared" Senator Borah to maintain his anti-nullification program consistently by introducing a "force bill."

Senator Glass, of Virginia, has responded by reviving arguments over the methods by which the Negro suffrage Amendments were put into the Constitution. But those arguments have little bearing on the present issue. In fact, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments are by no means dead letters. The South has observed them. The suffrage laws of the States in the South bear equally upon black and white alike. It is certain that the South is not going to be stampeded into advocating violation of the Eighteenth Amendment because somebody says it has violated the Fifteenth. Senator Borah, unfortunately, has played into the hands of those who would like to see that done, though that is far from his intention, but it is not likely that many people in the South will pay much attention to this futile discussion.

But even if lawlessness were an excuse for lawlessness, from what lawlessness would any of us be safe?

Who Was D'Artagnan?

NOTORIOUSLY, the elder Dumas, even more freely than Shakespeare, took his raw fiction stuff where he found it. Thus he made of Henry of Navarre a character all his own, taking the glamour and color that history afforded and heightening or abasing recorded facts as his novelist's art suggested. So with D'Artagnan, who, with the Count of Monte Cristo and Chicot the Jester, stands out among Dumas's unforgetable characters—none without some basis of fact, but each a true creation.

Dumas had ready to his hand a book

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Cartoons of the Week

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

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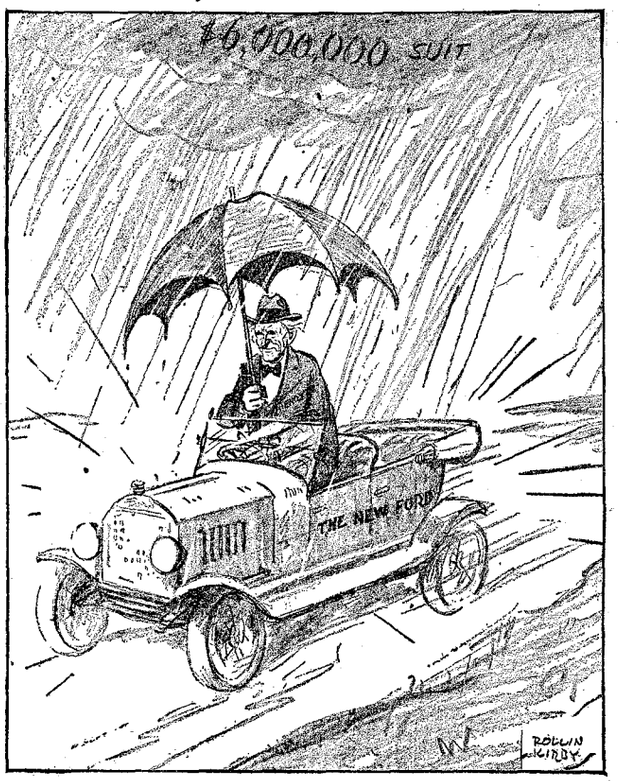
After all, you've killed it only two or three times, you know, Cal.

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

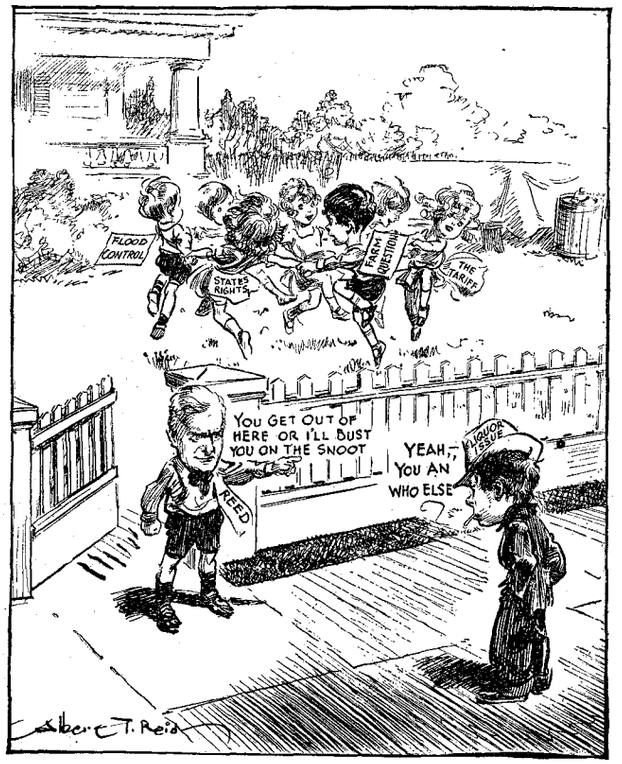
Kirby in the New York World



Into every life some rain must fall

From Miss Celeste Weyl, New York, N. Y.

Reid for the Topeka Capital



He is invited—to stay away from Jimmie's party

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

The lion hunt

From Henry Charles Suter, Westerly, R. I.

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called "Memoirs of Monsieur D'Artagnan," and found much about that Gascon soldier and gentleman that suggested his own brilliant, gay, and adventurous hero. He there found also the original of "Milady" and many incidents used in the plot of his "Three Musketeers." He frankly admitted his debt, but slyly fooled his readers by giving credit also to the non-existent "Memoirs of the Comte de la Fère" (Athos).

The real D'Artagnan was presented to English readers some fifteen years ago in a three-volume translation of de Sandras's "Memoirs." Now comes news that a bronze tablet is to be placed on the house in Béarn where was born the Gascon Charles de Baatz, Comte de Castlemore, who, it is said, assumed the name of D'Artagnan to distinguish himself from his father. Presumably, although it is not so stated, he was the subject of the "Memoirs" that Dumas read. If he is another aspirant to be considered the original of the hero of "The Three Musketeers" and its two sequels, so much the better. The only immortal D'Artagnan is the one Dumas created—swashbuckler, gallant fighter, quick of brain and witty of tongue.

There are romances that will never get old-fashioned so long as love of adventure and action endures.

Reforming Nationalist Lines in China

THE NATIONALISTS of central and southern China appear to be pulling together again in the civil war against the militarist alliance supporting the northern Government at Peking.

After the period that did not seem to promise anything but continuation of chaos, the armies of the new Nationalist central administration at Nanking have succeeded in driving out of the great industrial city of Hankow, up the Yangtze River, the antagonistic Nationalist forces of General Tang Shen-tse and his followers. From now on strife between rival Nanking and Hankow groups will be eliminated. The effect of this achievement and the possibility of concentrating troops once more against the northerners is already to be seen. Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," is reported advancing towards Tsinanfu, the capital of the important province of Shantung, while other Nationalist armies are pushing up along the railway that leads to Tientsin.

Most important is the news that General Chiang Kai-shek has returned to the Nationalist ranks. He is the young strategist who led the Nationalist armies in their first advance from Canton to Hankow, but who resigned in consequence of controversies with the radical

Pilsudski, Dictator of Poland

(*See page 404*)

wing of the party at Hankow. Chiang has been spending some time in Japan. He has returned to his own country to become a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Nanking Administration, its highest party organ of power, and probably Chairman of its Military Council. That would make him again an important factor in the campaign against Generalissimo Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria, the dictator of the North.

Once more the issue in China may be what will happen when Chiang meets Chang.

A Friend of France

BY the death of the Sultan of Morocco France loses a loyal friend and an honest aid in making and keeping Morocco peaceful.

Moulay Youssef might readily have made himself an enemy and disturber in the time of the Great War and during the outbreaks that followed it. Marshal Lyautey points out that when Moulay came to the throne, in 1912, revolt affected two-thirds of the country, but that the Sultan had genuine faith in French control. The Marshal adds: "While modest in appearance and somewhat timid in character, he had a very sure judgment, a profound knowledge of his people and the needs of his country, and his advice was always invaluable to me."

As has been so often the case in Eastern lands, Moulay's rivals and enemies were his brothers. By aiding the late Sultan against the dangerous Abd-ul-Aziz the French won his gratitude and convinced him that the right thing for his turbulent country was co-operation with France. When the Great War broke out, he told the French Resident-General: "You can send your troops home to fight for your country. Morocco will go with you in heart, and those of her sons that you can use in your army will go too."

In the recent trouble with Abd-el-Krim the Sultan was thoroughly opposed to the fighting tribes, who had never recognized his authority.

Moulay Youssef was not a nonentity, nor merely a "yes, sir" man; he wanted Morocco free from tribal, fanatical, or dynastical war.

Brigands of Morocco

THAT all Morocco is not yet quite as safe as might be wished is seen in the story of the recent kidnapping by Moorish bandits and ransom at a price of $400,000 of several prisoners, including two little French girls, Armaud by name, whose parents had been murdered. The account of their danger and suffering is pathetic. No course but ransom was open. The despatches describe with picturesque detail the twenty-mule train that carried gold, saddles, tools, and other things demanded. One comment is critical of conditions such that "bands of disorganized and practically uncivilized natives of the desert mountain country were able to haughtily barter with the nation possessing the strongest modern military forces in the world."

Brigandage may be picturesque in romances; in reality it is cruel and mean.

The Gasoline Tax

AUTOMOBILE experts are generally agreed, we believe, that the consumption of gasoline by various types of cars is a fair measure of their relative wear on the roads. For that reason a gasoline tax applied to the building and the upkeep of roads seems a fair charge upon the users of the road. But it is a fair charge only when the sum collected by the tax is reserved for

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the roads themselves and for nothing else.

It is because politicians are all the time looking for new sources of taxation to provide moneys for general use that automobile users are suspicious of gasoline taxes. They fear that, instead of being used for developing automobile highways, the money will be put into the general treasury to make up deficits caused by the politicians' extravagance. In New York State the cost of government has been mounting rapidly. Governor Smith has not only approved greatly increased appropriations, but has put through a plan which adds greatly to the State debt. The organized automobile users of the State naturally do not want to be made the victims of taxes to pull the State Government out of a financial hole. They have so far succeeded in preventing the passage of a State gasoline tax. But automobile users should not, and indeed they cannot, prevent the adoption of a tax on gasoline provided the revenue from that tax is used exclusively for the roads. Better roads and more of them will in the end bring to the user of the roads more than the tax would cost him. But even if they did not, such a tax is a fair charge upon those who use the roads and wear them out.

Railway companies have to pay for their rights of way and for the maintenance of their roadbeds. Trucking companies that compete with railways have the free use of the public highway. It is only fair and just that carriers using the highways should pay to the public a fair share for their use of them.

No better means for maintaining automobile highways has been devised than the levy of a moderate gasoline tax.

The Lawyer and the Court

THE disagreement which has come about between the trial judge and the prosecuting attorney in the Fall-Sinclair case is to be regretted, but the point of disagreement raises a pretty question, the settlement of which should be an achievement in judicature.

Justice Siddons, in order to ascertain whether or not criminal contempt of court had been committed, appointed as an investigating committee three members of the bar, one of whom was District Attorney Gordon. Mr. Gordon declined to serve, on the ground that his mind was already made up to the effect that contempt had been committed and that he was ready to proceed. Possibly he may have felt aggrieved that his own judgment was not accepted by the court. Possibly, on the other hand, he merely felt that, as a venire-man who has formed and expressed an opinion is not a competent juror, an officer of the court

William J. Burns, whose actions are somewhat in dispute

who has formed and expressed an opinion is not a competent investigator of facts involving criminal liability. At any rate, he declined to serve and, without the knowledge of the court, made public the correspondence between himself and Justice Siddons.

An entirely different view of the matter was taken by Justice Siddons. He expressed surprise that an officer of the court who believed that contempt had been committed should refuse to help in establishing the facts. And he ordered that the correspondence with Mr. Gordon be made a part of the record of the contempt investigation.

Apparently, Justice Siddons's view is that Mr. Gordon was asked to act as an officer of the court, not by virtue of his position as District Attorney, but by virtue of his more fundamental position as a member of the bar; that his status was exactly that of the other two lawyers who were asked to serve; that he was an officer of the court, just as all lawyers are officers of the court, and bound, therefore, to carry out the court's orders.

There is nothing new in this conception. It has existed since the time when the king's officers followed his court. There may be a question, however, as to the extent of its application now.

But if this unpleasant incident reminds lawyers that they are court officers and not merely advocates, it will have served a useful purpose.

New England in Council

NOWHERE else, so far as we know, has a group of States undertaken to do what the New England States are doing.

For several years New England, the great industrial region of the country, has felt itself to be the objective of economic assaults. Improved methods of transportation, mass production, new methods of marketing leading to hand-to-mouth buying, have served to stir up these veritable raids on New England's industrial resources. For two days more than fifteen hundred of the leading manufacturers and merchants in New England recently held a kind of town meeting about measures of defense.

As a result of this Conference at Springfield, Massachusetts, and the two that have preceded it, New England has become united on a civic, industrial, mercantile, and agricultural program. With thoroughness characteristic of New England, those laying out the campaign to meet the modern Goths—as they view them—are going back to fundamentals.

The program starts with economic surveys of the civic, industrial, mercantile, and agricultural fields, in order to discover their several needs and resources. Having made these surveys, committees have taken steps to provide for suitable legislation in all the New England States, acting as a unit to obtain close co-ordination of power supply, grading of agricultural products, co-operation in use of financial resources, and development and distribution of information as to trends of trade and ways and means. In the Conference the importance of new ideas, new designs, new methods, and new equipment to meet new demands was emphasized. Among the problems presented were those created by the floods in Vermont.

Secretary Hoover's appearance at this Springfield meeting indicates that the yearly New England Conference, with its machinery including a council of twelve from each of the six States, representative of industry, merchandising, finance, and agriculture, is now recognized as the mouthpiece of New England.

The New England Conference might almost be styled an economic war college.

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Peace Talk

WITHOUT America, Europe evidently feels that she can no longer make war. This does not mean, of course, that war is impossible without direct American participation. But the requirements of modern warfare on a large scale are so immense, and the banking and manufacturing power of America is so great, that war is impracticable without American money and American material.

A proposal to use the influence of the United States to prevent wars in the future, made by the British journalist Wickham Steed to President Coolidge at the White House, is a recognition of this fact. In substance, he suggests an independent declaration by the United States that we will not give economic or financial aid to any nation which is the aggressor in bringing on war.

The suggestion reveals the new position of America in relation to Europe. Great Britain has been the Power that sought either to preserve peace on the Continent by maintaining a decisive balance of power or by joining one coalition or another in war to prevent any other Power from becoming dangerously strong. The United States—potentially the strongest nation of all—now faces the question of assuming a similar policy toward the rest of the world. There is a British tendency to try to persuade America to reinforce the traditional British policy in a new form, to call in the New World—as a wise British statesman once said—"to redress the balance of the Old."

The attitude of President Coolidge is characteristically reserved. The question who is the aggressor in any war important enough to demand a decision of policy by the United States must—obviously—be determined either by the United States or by some other nations or group of nations, like the League. The past two elections have indicated that the United States does not choose to concede the right to settle such questions to any other agency than the Government at Washington. If the decision were to be by the United States, so that this country would not be bound in advance to act in accordance with the judgment of other Powers, then the Administration might consider the advisability of such a definition of policy.

France has advanced a specific program of a different sort—the Briand suggestion that the United States and France outlaw war between them and arbitrate all differences. This is a practicable scheme, appealing to American thought and in accord with American precedents. The churches support it; and lately, as we have already reported, a delegation representing some 700 prominent churchmen, headed by Bishop William F. McDowell of the Methodist Episcopal Church, presented a memorial in favor of it to President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg. Senator Borah's more vague advocacy of a declaration outlawing war in general is certain to bring the Briand plan to the fore in the Senate for discussion. One objection to it is that either nation might obviously be embarrassed in protecting its rights if one of them should become the aggressor in a war with a nation with which the other was in friendly relations. But the agreement could include a clause against aggression. The Briand plan opens up a possibility of permanent understanding with a traditional friend. Ambassador Claudel has spoken in moving terms of the great weight of the example set by the United States. The policy which his Government suggests is one which the United States might find ways to develop even further in order to demonstrate its own amicable intentions toward the rest of the world. The interest of the United States lies in the preservation of peace. To encourage illusory schemes is worse than to do nothing; but anything we can practically do is so much gain.

Changing Beliefs and Unchanging Faith

A MARKED copy of a Roman Catholic periodical, the "Fortnightly Review," of St. Louis, has been sent us by one of the foremost of Roman Catholic laymen. It contains the second installment of an article by Benedict Elder on "The Worst Evil of our Day." This article is a signal of warning against the spread, particularly through our public schools, of atheism, infidelity, and agnosticism. It cites the Dayton trial in Tennessee as "the occasion that brought the whole atheistic and freethinking movement to public juncture." It refers to "discussions in our Catholic papers about the fewness of converts" and reports of the loss of membership in Protestant denominations. It declares that not even Catholics, Protestants, and Jews combined can challenge this movement, because they cannot get together.

This outcry at the degeneration of religion is not peculiar to our age. It has been paralleled in practically every age. It is based on the assumption that religion is a group of beliefs or doctrines, of rites or ceremonials, and of organizations with authority to prescribe the ceremonials and the doctrines. Naturally enough, Catholics and Protestants and Jews cannot combine to resist a movement away from orthodox doctrine, ceremonial, and church organization, because it is precisely in those very matters that they differ among themselves. On this assumption to doubt a doctrine or to fall away from a ceremonial authoritatively prescribed is to repudiate religion. On this assumption, therefore, Christianity consists of a church or of churches with authority to formulate and sanction creeds and to designate sacraments or other observances.

This is not peculiarly a Catholic view of Christianity. It is a view held by many Protestants, and even by independent scholars. Such is the view set forth in the volume entitled "Christianity, Past and Present," by Charles Guignebert, Professor of the History of Christianity in the University of Paris.

This book, which is more than a merely popular outline, has been just published in English translation by the Macmillan Company. In that book Guignebert says: "When one has taken the trouble to study two or three religions closely, . . . one certainly discovers similar principles and agencies, common aspirations, the same ambition to rule the community and even to regulate the lives of individuals." And he describes popular religion as "a medley of beliefs and customs, differing in origin, age, and meaning, and only existing side by side because those who accept them never compare them," and as "disconnected survivals, the débris of several religious organizations of past ages, upon which the present is established as well as it may be." As a consequence, in "our own age," he points out, "all active and fertile thought,

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because it necessarily adapts itself to the demands of a science established outside the faith, seems like a deadly danger to orthodoxy."

From this point of view Christianity in every age has been seen to undergo a process of decay. Mankind has never been quite satisfied with the beliefs and the practices that have come down from the past. Every generation—it is a truism to say this—discards some of the beliefs of the past and some of the practices. It finds new ways to the truth which from former generations lay hidden. Naturally, therefore, in every age, but particularly in our own, as Guignebert indicates, those who regard Christianity as essentially organized and authorized doctrine and ritual come to be divided into three classes: first, those who regard all researches as tending to undermine past belief and practice as sacrilege; second, those who, though themselves skeptics, fear the effect of the overthrow of past belief upon the common people; and, third, those "mental sluggards" who think all religion mere fraud and priestcraft.

But there is another view of religion, and specifically of Christianity. According to this view, religion is essentially neither dogma, rite, nor authority, but a way of life, and an avenue for service, and a source of power for that service and for that life. So Christianity, in this view, is not a creed or a ceremony or a church, but is essentially Christ's way of life, Christ's avenue to service, and Christ's source of power.

From this point of view doubts of old doctrines, however hallowed by age, neglect of ceremonials, however beautiful and historic, and indifference to the authority of the Church, even if that authority is no longer legal but merely moral, cannot destroy or impair Christianity itself. The only thing that can challenge Christianity from this point of view is that which challenges the way of life shown in the life and the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, or blocks the avenues of service to which he pointed his disciples, or destroys access to his source of power.

And there are plenty of influences today that are challenging the essentials of Christianity. There is that cynical attitude, much in vogue, of shrugging the shoulders whenever any mention is made of any such thing as unselfishness or self-sacrifice, and that professes to see no distinction between the service of others and meddlesome interference in others' affairs. There is too that pressure of material comfort almost universally felt in this Western world that tends to raise as a standard of life nothing but material well-being. There is, besides, that driving force of business which makes it hard to see sometimes how the practical exigencies of life may be made to conform to the ideals to which Christ's way of life leads.

While, therefore, ecclesiastics are warring about creeds and rituals, or repining at the loss of respect for them, or are trying to come to some agreement about them, others are groping to the way of life which the Church itself too often neglects, and still others, uncommitted to any creed or ritual, are defending that way against the challenge of the times. And, in spite of that challenge, there is plenty of evidence that that way of life and that avenue of service, and even that source of power, never commanded such respect as they command today.

Beliefs in doctrines divide people from one another and then crumble. Faith in a way of life unites people and grows with their lives.

This is the implicit testimony in such a proposal as that made recently by Dr. John Clark Archer, of the Yale Divinity School, for a League of Religions. This, too, is the testimony in the recommendation made by a special committee to the Methodist Foreign Mission Board to turn over to Chinese its Chinese missions. This, too, is the testimony of such a book as Charles A. Selden's "Are Missions a Failure?" (published by the Fleming H. Revell Company). In this record of observation by a disinterested correspondent who, as he says, "went to Asia thinking that the missionary enterprise was futile," it is made clear that wherever missionaries have gone to spread doctrines or rites or the prestige of churches their work today in foreign lands is in peril, but wherever they have gone to spread knowledge of Christ's way of life and to open new avenues of service their work stands and is likely to stand.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

Where the State Has Failed

WHAT the five times offender tells on another page is a story of two failures.

It is, of course, the story of his own failure. He does not try to excuse himself. He does not ask for sympathy. We print it, not because we think he or any other like him should be treated as one who has been wronged. Most of us who read his story might find it hard to "make good" on ten dollars; but men have "made good" on less than that. He has received only fifty dollars for doing thousands of dollars' worth of profitable work; but he may have justly forfeited the right to receive more—or even as much. We do not raise that question. The story he tells is a story of his own failure.

But it is also a story of the failure of society, of the organized State. Not of one State or of two. The same story—or much the same—might be told of any State. As the State looks into the mirror of this man's career, what does it think of its own lineaments?

Here is a man who has been at odds with society. Is this because he has been mentally or emotionally or morally infirm? If so, what has the State done to diagnose his case and to find out whether it is curable? If it is curable, what has the State done to find a cure and administer it?

And, since this record gives no evidence that the State has found a cure, or, having found one, has administered it, what has the State done to deal justly and effectively otherwise with cases like his?

Or, if the State has abandoned hope of dealing justly and effectively with the individual in any such case, what has the State done to protect society from him and his like?

Does the State find in this record any evidence that its prison system is deterrent? Is it sufficient to keep a man in prison working at his own expense—except for his board and lodging—only to let him out to resume his work for himself at society's expense? Is the State's duty to the convict or to society ended when it turns the convict out of prison with or without cash in his pocket? Does the State do its duty to society by its treatment of the convict in prison or its treatment of the ex-convict at liberty?

We have no reason to be satisfied as yet with our prison system.

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The Harm My Education Did Me

By An EX-FEMINIST

AT seventeen I was an avowed feminist. Unhappy family conditions had twisted me into a repressed and desperately lonely young person, with an animosity towards life that had to find ready-made expression. I knew literally nothing about anything except books. My domineering father and my embittered mother were emotional strangers. Least of all was I conscious of my own deepest needs to love, to be loved, to express my feminine personality in a sympathetic environment. All emotion was sublimated into mental hunger.

Public school and high school had been a disappointment, but I looked forward with eagerness to college. There I would find wisdom and beauty, fine minds with a vision of truth, older friends to help me discover what life was all about. Most of all, I longed to learn to write; but so far no one had given me the slightest enlightenment beyond the correction of daily themes on properly folded foolscap paper.

THIS was the expectant girl who, something over a dozen years ago, entered one of our well-known institutions of higher learning.

Freshman composition proved to be in the hands of a bent and yellowed creature in rusty black, with a certain keenness of criticism and sardonic humor swamped in eccentricities. She moved in vagueness; often she forgot to attend classes; once she appeared with an open umbrella; no one ever quite grasped her assignments, and many a bewildered freshman "flunked out" because she "couldn't make out what Dr. Roberts meant."

We understood her tragedy the next summer, when Dr. Roberts collapsed under a "mental breakdown" from which she never recovered.

Sophomore literature was taught by a literary young man with a shy sense of humor submerged in a fear of girls, of which we took scandalous advantage, back-row conversation sometimes buzzing loud enough to drown his hesitant opinions upon Walt Whitman. Yet when he so far forgot himself as to disclose the whimsies of a quiet mind the proverbial pin might have dropped and the bell brought audible sighs of regret.

THE author of this article must remain anonymous, not because she hesitates to disclose her name, but because she does not wish to identify individual teachers, cited here not as individuals but as types in our educational system.

Having served his harassed apprenticeship with us on a minimum of salary, he later rose to the superior ranks of a man's college, where, I understand, he has become an excellent teacher.

Disappointed in English, I turned hopefully to junior philosophy. But it was intrusted to an antique ex-minister with a Biblical beard, watery eyes, and a mentality approaching its second childhood. He came cheap, being too old to preach and having a very young second wife and a raft of children. While he droned conscientiously like a feeble bumblebee we ate chocolates, exchanged messages, and studied other lessons, not from natural perversity, but because, being practical young women, we saw no value in making notes on material which the professor had obviously "read up" the evening before from our own large, dull green text-book.

Whether the authorities discovered the poverty of his teaching or his rather pathetic proclivities for paying calls on the prettiest girls in the class, at any rate, the poor old failure was not reappointed.

Psychology proved no better—it too was droned forth from a text-book, blue, but no less dull, by a younger but no more inspired nor inspiring ex-minister, who based his perfunctory discussions entirely upon questions "in the back of the book." I remember nothing to indicate that our well-meaning instructor knew much more about the subject than his pupils.

But if our men teachers were queer specimens, the women were more dangerous. To an impressionable girl the older woman represents an ideal, and the ideal she chooses may shape her entire life. "Crushes" abound in college groups in every degree of innocence and harm. I imply nothing sinister; "captives" are unknown to my experience; I refer merely to a friendship between women so intense that no emotionality is left for the true love life. As a phase abandoned with adolescence, it is probably harmless, but in half a dozen cases I could cite, persisting after college, neither woman has married or had normal social contacts or friendships with men.

I REMEMBER a gangling, homely "grind," the laughing-stock of the more exuberant types. Her father, upon whom what we would now call her "fixation" was evident, taught German literature in some remote college, and German literature was her avowed love. It happened that our instructor in the subject was herself a gangling, homely woman, pitifully shy when encountered at teas, but in class a roaring lion! It was her delight, indeed her aim, to terrorize every new student, and for some reason Vera Dudley became her special victim. The poor girl swallowed incredible insults, studied desperately, and eventually passed the course with success.

But the interest of this tale lies in its sequel.

Vera graduated, a Phi Beta Kappa, and immediately began work for her Ph.D. This accomplished, she automatically received, regardless of experience, teaching ability, or personality, an excellent appointment in another woman's college. And there, they tell me, "Dr. Dudley" and "German Lit" constitute the terror of entering freshman!

Our college doctor was an intelligent, warm-hearted, and admirable woman, with the strong social sense of her generation of feminists. She had fought for every inch of her freedom, and she showed it. Of woman's emotional life she was not only intolerant, but, I believe, deliberately ignorant. A vivid, if rather masculine personality, her influence was enormous. She gave a course in "Practical Medicine," including "Sex Hygiene," the former a rare mixture of breezy common sense and science, the latter—

I was not the only twisted girl in our class. Many of us—college attracts and breeds them—cherished fierce but

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wholly vague rebellions against life. All of us needed sane, gentle, and humorous enlightenment upon our own natures, such as, I believe, can be given only by a wise woman who has loved deeply. Better no teaching at all than anything short of the best.

What we got—and it took me years to recover—was a mechanical conception of a totally unexplained experience, passed over rather hastily for emphasis upon the social diseases, horrifyingly new to most of us. We were urged to attend public lectures giving statistics on the White Slave traffic and showing lantern slides of the ravages of disease. Of emotional and æsthetic fulfillments and ideals of love we heard nothing. Of man's nature we potential mothers of sons received an impression of a rather shameful weakness easily and completely curbed by any man of high moral standards.

Is it small wonder that many of us passed a blackened year of complete revulsion, when, ridiculous as it may seem, we shrank from sitting near a strange man in a street car, when our own parents appeared suddenly shameful and marriage a mysterious vice sanctified by society for the sake of healthy children?

One classmate later refused to marry a fine young chap, though they were both in love, because he confessed, when a less decent man would have lied, that once in college he had "gone on a party with the boys." She has never married, and moves restlessly from one job to another, growing more discontented each year.

Another girl, popular for her kindness and good sportsmanship, and having her share of beaus, cut every lecture on the subject, declaring abruptly to our inquiries that she "didn't want to hear about such things." In a fit of boredom and restlessness, some years later, she declared, "I'm going to marry the next man who proposes to me." She did. I was shocked to meet her again—sallow, drawn, white-haired in her early thirties, lavishing love upon her two children, but maintaining towards her husband a curious and significant coolness.

"BUT," protest indignant educators, "the function of college is to train the mind, not the emotions."

Very well, that is your opinion. It is not mine. You cannot educate a girl's mind without educating her heart. Free her emotions, and you free her intelligence. Until she sees clearly the weaknesses and the deep strength of her own nature she can be neither happy nor intelligent.

"So," comes the comment, "you would pick women teachers for their experiences in love?"

I admit the inconveniences of such a system; besides, that is not at all my point. I do not say, that to be wise a woman must have found complete fulfillment in life. I do say, that if she has not found fulfillment she must admit it, and why. She must be able to say to herself: "This is what I would have wished life to be; but that did not happen; now this is what I shall make of it." Only when she has accepted herself can she walk freely into the future. Only then has she something to give to others, especially to younger women.

I remember a minor instructor in a minor subject—a thin, red-nosed little woman with the old-fashioned serenity of a Holbein. She taught, as her type always teaches, with great precision, no imagination, and scrupulous justice. We laughed at her prim ways, but agreed, not quite knowing why, that Miss Madden was a "peach." Some of us wondered at the secret of that curious, self-contained happiness that warmed us like an air-tight but comfortable stove. I have since learned that she is the devoted mainstay of an old father and mother, upon whom she gladly lavishes all her personal life. She was not a brilliant woman, but she was a happy influence.

ONLY one teacher, who unfortunately did not enter my college life until senior year, still seems to me all that could have been desired. For some reason, I elected her history course, though no one had ever asked me, even in the most perfunctory way, "What do you want to do after college?" or suggested that economics and history might prove more useful to a would-be journalist than pallid lectures on English literature. No one, until Miss Dean.

She was a Ph.D. with a passion for learning, but a woman first, taking personal interest in her students—not the chumminess of the popularity-seeker, but a wise and impersonal delight in individuals. She had a sad, disciplined, but not unhappy face, beauty grown too *précieuse*, and emotional capacities turned with complete consciousness into mental channels. The only true intellectual of the college, her desire for perfection made her a difficult standard-setter for immature girls. But she was the one woman teacher who seemed to see us as potential women, or who possessed any sympathetic understanding of men.

"When you marry," she used to say, "as most of you will," and then followed discussions on child-training and education, the parasite wife, the possibilities of combining home and profession, even efficient housekeeping and the loss of the gentler courtesies among modern girls. Miss Dean was a suffragist, but she opened her class one morning with the remark: "The best argument I ever saw against suffrage was the way you girls conducted your elections yesterday."

Her influence was the first and only answer to my quest, but it could not offset the subtly warping atmosphere of college as a whole. After four years I left even more muddled and rebellious than I had entered.

I DO not criticise individual teachers, themselves the victims of that curious heritage of suffrage and Puritanism still afflicting many of our educated women. Though they would be the first to deny it, those earlier pioneers were martyrs to the cause of woman's education, renouncing, as martyrs must, the deep satisfactions of personal life. To them all honor is due.

But their successors, lacking their dynamic force and inheriting only their faults—why should they continue to wage a battle already won? Why cannot women begin to know and to teach girls that mental freedom need not mean emotional imprisonment? It is not for the cheerful, average young person that I plead, but for the intellectuals—those over-sensitive, over-suggestible, over-emotional girls, who may become the rarest and happiest or the most repressed and bitterest of women.

Lest I be misunderstood, let me state that, though I am now one of the women combining happy marriage and motherhood with a profession, my own self-discovery came before I met my husband. Indeed, I believe that had it not come neither of us would have fallen in love. Nor was I psychoanalyzed. It was the triumph of a lifelong desire for honesty finally burning its way through the incrustments of years. A happy love experience has merely intensified my convictions, and motherhood has

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Al Smith and the Doubtful Seaboard

By DIXON MERRITT

Governor Smith is admittedly the most prominent Democratic Presidential candidate. His status in the South, however, is a disputed question.

As most of our readers know, Dixon Merritt, himself a Tennessean and thoroughly acquainted with the South and its people, has been investigating political opinion in the Southern States. In the accompanying article, which is the last of his series, he discusses the feeling towards Smith which he found along the seaboard.

EVERY Atlantic seaboard State south of Maryland is in the doubtful column.

For the first time since Zachary Taylor was elected President, they have climbed out of the pocket of the Democratic Party. They were picked out on bayonet points once—during the era of "carpetbaggers and scalawags"—but not before in three-quarters of a century have they come out of their own accord. But now they are definitely and deliberately out. If any man other than Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, is nominated, they will go back. Ritchie, of Maryland, wet but Protestant; Walsh, of Montana, Catholic but dry—either of these they would accept, with some mutterings. If Governor Smith is nominated when the Democrats gather in National Convention next year—

Well, no man would be justified in predicting that, in that event, the Southern seaboard States or any of them would go Republican. But the fact is apparent that the Democrats would have to fight to carry these States. They are in the doubtful column. I think that they would cast their electoral votes for Smith. The party leaders in those States think so, but they are not sure of it. They know that majorities would be terribly reduced and that the Democrats would have to contest every inch of ground with the Republicans.

EVEN the practical politicians who favor Governor Smith's nomination—and they are more numerous in the seaboard States than in the Gulf States or in Kentucky and Tennessee—admit that, for the first time in their lives, they would have a real fight on their hands. But they are ready to accept this as the lesser of two evils.

One of these men, in North Carolina, said to me: "Governor Smith is the greatest liability the Democratic Party ever had, and that's saying a great deal. If we nominate him, we shall lose some of the Southern States and we shall have a mean, hard fight in the others. If we don't nominate him, we shall lose the bulk of the Democratic votes in the North. Well, I'm for nominating him. We can afford to lose a lot of votes in the South, and I think they would come back later on. We can't afford to lose any votes in the North, and if they once get away from us I believe that they will be gone forever. Let's let him have the nomination and get it out of his system—and ours."

There is a very considerable sprinkling of Democratic leaders, large and small—mainly inclining to smallish—who take this or a similar view. They are ready to take off their coats and go down the line for Smith if they can be assured that he could win. Some of them are ready to do it even if they can be assured that he would carry enough Northern States to make up for the losses in the South and along the border.

But they have got to be assured. They are not certain, of their own knowledge, that he could do it. Many of them doubt that he could carry his own State of New York in a Presidential race. They know that many Southern Democrats who would feel disgraced at the thought of scratching a National ticket will scratch a State ticket without any twinges of conscience whatever. And they suspect that up-State New York Republicans are much the same kind of "hairpins."

ON a train in Virginia, I found myself sitting beside a Democratic local leader whom I had known in other days. He has remained an invulnerable leader during the greater part of a lifetime. He has won an even twenty-five races of his own and seventeen that he has managed for other men, and never once has he been defeated. The conversation drifted to Republican possibilities—and to Hughes.

The old leader shook the red mane that has grown roan in the battles for Democracy. "H-m-m," he meditated "Who's optimist enough to say that Smith could carry New York against Hughes?"

Well, men like this, no matter how kindly they may feel toward Governor Smith, are not willing to make the sacrifice that they would have to make (this man would probably score his first losing fight out of forty-three) unless they can be shown that the Democratic Party would get something in exchange for their losses. If they are to burst the Solid South for him, they want assurance that he can do something toward bursting the almost equally solid North.

Not one of them is under any delusion as to what would have to be done. Most of them believe that they could dragoon their followers into voting for Smith—enough of them to make some sort of majority. But they all know that the line would have to be formed with the flat of the sword.

That for the leaders; I am not supposed to bother with them, anyhow. And I have not to any great extent. The story of the followers—or supposed followers—does not read the same way. Smith support among them is not discernible. Not now. It may be later; will be, to some extent, after the lines are formed—with the sword.

TAKE, for illustration, the country along the Yadkin River in the piedmont of North Carolina.

That is another one of my homes. My Puritan great-grandfather, Obadiah, thought its soil was worn out at the beginning of the nineteenth century and went seeking new lands in Tennessee. Today it is a fine diversified farming country, running more to wheat and dairying than to cotton. But, more important, it is a magnificent manufacturing country. A string of fine young cities extends across it. Along there cotton spindles are almost as numerous as cotton bolls. Perfect concrete roads run through it, one of them seven hundred miles long, from tidewater on the Virginia line to the mountains on the Georgia line.

I drove out from Salisbury to a hamlet named Woodleaf, where there is an eighteen-teacher country school, with departments of agriculture and home economics in addition to the usual

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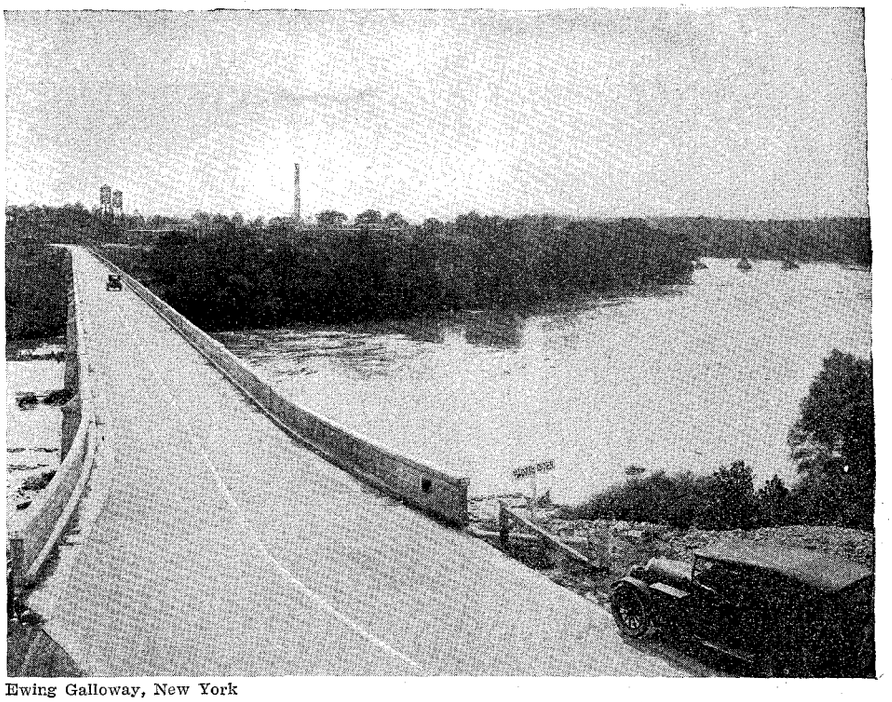
things. A Ph.D. is county superintendent, and the teachers who are not Columbia and Peabody trained have at least university and normal school diplomas. But the people around are ordinary North Carolina farmers. True, some of them operate their farms under Skinner irrigation systems, have ceased long since to be at the mercy of freaks of the weather, but they are just piedmont farmers. They are served by ordinary crossroads storekeepers, service station men, and the like. They are hospitable. They know how to cure and keep—and serve—hams. But they are dry. Not once here, or anywhere else in the piedmont, was even a glass of cider forthcoming.

Every man to whom I talked in that neighborhood, with one exception, told me that his neighbors positively will not vote for Governor Smith for President—at least, that they would not do it now. The one man who did not tell me that was the postmaster. It is a well-known fact that a man loses the power of speech when he becomes postmaster.

In the town of Salisbury most of the men with whom I talked confirmed what I had been told in the country. A few said that they personally favored Governor Smith. But not one claimed that Governor Smith would receive united Democratic support. A few said that he would lose the State. Most believed that he would be able to carry it by a reduced majority.

Salisbury and the country around it is, for North Carolina, what the statisticians call the median, the middle item. It is less favorable to Smith than the territory west of it, back in the mountains toward the Tennessee line. It is more favorable to Smith than the territory east of it, down tidewater to the coast.



Ewing Galloway, New York

The Yadkin River, Salisbury, North Carolina

GENERALLY speaking, the bulk of what Smith strength there is in the seaboard South lies far back to the west among the mountains, where the great majority of the voters are Republicans. Some of these Republicans, a few, indicate that they would bolt their party for once and vote for Smith. Some of them would do it, but not enough to make good any appreciable part of the Democratic losses. Some of them seek to create that impression for the political advantage that may lie in it.

The only persons to be found who are reluctant to say that Smith would fall far short of the usual Democratic vote are Republican leaders. Some of these pooh-pooh the idea that they would expect to make gains in the South as the result of Smith's nomination. Most of them, however, simply say nothing.

Is there partisan strategy in this? To an extent, I think so. But Southern Republicans are in a say-nothing mood on all subjects. Not a word can be pried out of them as to who is likely to be the Republican nominee or as to whom they favor for the nomination. That is true not only in the seaboard States, but in the Gulf States and in the interior. Southern Republicans are not, at this stage of the game, committing themselves to anything. And that for a lesser and a greater reason. The lesser is that their party has troubles of its own. The greater is that a Democratic family fight will get on better without Republican meddling. So all they have to say about Governor Smith is that he is a very nice man—for a Democrat.

I had expected to find considerable difference in the feeling with regard to Governor Smith among the seaboard States, but I did not. The situation in North Carolina does not differ essen-

Ewing Galloway, New York

Tobacco and tobacco barns in North Carolina

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Ewing Galloway, New York

Plowing up peanuts on a Virginia plantation

tially from that in South Carolina or in Virginia. It does differ, however, in non-essentials.

BOTH South Carolina and Virginia, I am inclined to think, are somewhat less dry than is North Carolina. Perhaps they are somewhat less inclined, also, to give weight to the religious issue. But they are decidedly more inclined to indulge the feeling that Governor Smith is just not the kind of man who ought to be a Democratic President of the United States. The result of the conglomerate in votes or loss of votes will not differ much among the three States.

If, however, there is one of these States which might swing into the Republican column, it is North Carolina. Queerly, perhaps, North Carolina and her daughter, Tennessee, have always been somewhat less bound by Southern tradition than have Virginia and her oldest daughter, Kentucky. In North Carolina the Republican Party has for years played a wise game of waiting. In those years North Carolina has become, in large measure, an industrial State, with some inclination toward a high tariff. Those facts, added to the fact of disaffection for Smith, might easily swing North Carolina further from its moorings than most people believe possible.

As sentiment now exists, North Carolina would go Republican as against Governor Smith. And Virginia would come perilously close to doing it. Even those newspapers in Virginia which want to support Smith are not quite certain that they could carry the State for him.

But, of course, sentiment as it exists today will not continue until election time next year. A very considerable allowance must be made for inevitable changes.

In the first place, many men who now believe that they would vote the Republican ticket if forced to a choice of that or a Democratic ticket with Smith on it will not be able to force themselves to do it when the time actually comes. Most of them can, however, force themselves to stay at home on election day.

Some others who, if left to their own inclinations, would vote the Republican ticket would fall in line for Smith after the party whip had been wrapped around their shins a few times.

Some others still—and they may be more numerous than appears at this time—would listen to reason as to the quality and qualifications of Governor Smith. They do not know the story of what Governor Smith has achieved. The fault is not theirs. The story that has been told of Governor Smith is a story of a wonderful personality, not the story of a forceful executive. They have heard a great deal of his ability in a campaign, but comparatively little of his ability in the Governor's office in Albany.

IF the Republicans should abandon their present wise policy and begin mixing into the Democratic row, they could drive many Democratic recalcitrants back to the reservation. Some measure of certain kinds of meddling would be tolerated. But it is a deplorable fact that Southern Republicans have had great difficulty, through sixty years, in getting out of their minds the old idea of bayonets at the ballot-box. Only a few months ago an unwise Republican in Kentucky asked for Federal soldiers to supervise a municipal registration. If some unwise Republican along the seaboard should do a similar thing along toward election time next year, it would be worth thousands of votes to Governor Smith—assuming, as is commonly done, that Governor Smith is to be the nominee.

Personally, I think that assumption is somewhat violent. Most of the Southern States could be induced to vote for Governor Smith if he were the nominee. But they would not now vote for him for the nomination.

One-third of the delegates to the Democratic National Convention can prevent the nomination of any man.

One-fourth of the delegates come from the Solid South.

The difference between one-third and one-fourth is one-twelfth.

It does not take many delegates, even if they are scattered—a few men in various State delegations—to make one-twelfth.

If Governor Smith is to win the nomination without Southern support, he must have practically the undivided support of the rest of the country—Middle West, Far West, and all.

If he can secure that, he can do something that no man has ever done. He can do it only if the opposition which is so apparent in the South does not exist at all anywhere else in the country.

It looks to me as though Smith must have Southern support to win the nomination. And if he is to have Southern support, his champions must be intelligently about the job of winning a Southern hearing now.

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Who's Afraid?

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

ON man-made wings, the culmination of an age-old dream of mankind, The Outlook for November 9 met me on the Pacific coast. Beneath the towering walls that overshadow the peaceful Valley of the Yosemite, I sat me down to read Edna St. Vincent Millay's passionate denunciation of the fear that makes for the cruelty of mankind.

It is not for me to debate the premises upon which she bases her plea. There are other things in her appeal that move me more strongly than any discussion of the verity or falsity of her logic. Surely, at least, she is right when she cries out for tolerance and understanding. May there be other voices as powerful as hers to arouse the peoples of the world to the love of freedom of thought and to labor for justice between man and man.

It is strange that so trumpetlike an appeal should end with a dirge. Dirges are not the music which trumpets must sound when they call to war.

> As if indeed it mattered the least bit in the world whether the crossings be clean or foul, when of all the people passing to and fro there in the course of an eight-hour day not one out of ten thousand has a spark of true courage in his heart, or any love at all, beyond the love of a cat for the fire, for any earthly creature other than himself. The world, the physical world, and that once was all in all to me, has at moments such as these no road through a wood, no stretch of shore, that can bring me comfort. The beauty of these things can no longer at such moments make up to me at all for the ugliness of man, his cruelty, his greed, his lying face.

I have read these lines again and again in the light of the journey which, in the past few weeks, has carried me from the towers of Manhattan on a great circuit of North America to the shores of San Francisco Bay. As I read the words that Miss Millay has penned I set them off against the pictures that have passed before my eyes, and wonder if, after all, the dark tower to which Miss Millay has come is a reality or a phantom.

Out from New York Harbor sailed the Malolo, heir to all the traditions of the sea and to that wisdom and courage which has been throughout all time the birthright of those who have trafficked on great waters. The latest and greatest of ships to be launched on the shores of America, the Malolo stands for something more than dollars and commercial enterprise. The men in whose brain that ship was born, the men who wrought her vast structure from iron and steel, the men who found in her the culmination of their ideas of public service, were not, I am sure, moved by cruelty, greed, or lies. There was in them, I am certain, much of that poetic spirit which animates those whose tools are words and dreams instead of steel and iron. Without courage, without vision, without faith, such a ship as the Malolo is never launched from the ways.

ON the morning of the third day the Malolo steamed past the fortress headland that marks the entrance to Havana Harbor. Those proud bastions can indeed tell a story not unmixed with tyranny and greed. Yet today their tourist-worn ramparts are a memorial to the truth that love of liberty won its battle in the very face of their frowning walls. Weyler's troops no longer threaten from the Morro's portals the clean and growing city that once spread sickness and death along the shores of the Western Hemisphere. There have been many Morros in the history of mankind. There will be many more. But such fastnesses we know are not impregnable.

ONE of the reasons why Morros fall can be learned in a glance from its own towering walls. Across the harbor's mouth there is to be seen a fragment of stone and plaster enshrined beneath a marble canopy. Against that fragment of wall forty Cuban students once stood before a Spanish firing squad. The order was to count off and kill every fifth man. In the line stood two brothers. One counted faster than the officer in command and found that the fatal lot would fall upon his brother at his side. He seized his brother, forcing him into his own place in the line, stepped into his empty place, and fell before the deadly volley. Such heroism is as much a part of the history of the world as the tyranny that made it possible.

THOSE who know the history of Cuba trace its liberty as much to the courage of three American soldiers who faced the deadly perils of yellow fever as to the courage of those countless men who faced the perils of Spanish bullets. You know the story of those men and how they volunteered to test the new theory that yellow fever came from an insect's bite. You know that without hope of substantial reward, with nothing to gain save what appeared to be an unheroic death from a terrible disease, they quietly stepped forward when a call came for volunteers. Their act freed a whole hemisphere from the fear of a dread plague. They, too, are part of the history of mankind.

FROM Havana the Malolo turned her prow towards the Isthmus of Panama, across those seas once dedicated to warfare, slaughter, and rapine. In all the broad expanse of the Caribbean the guns of pirates and the smoke from flaming cities, the screams of women and the dripping swords of buccaneers, are today but a romantic memory, useful only to lure the wandering tourist from his peaceful home.

A TWO days' journey brought the Malolo to the entrance of the Panama Canal and the history-haunted land that is now but a placid passageway between the oceans. Here it was that there ran the royal highroad that carried the ravaged treasures of South America to the royal coffers of Spain. Along this highroad marched Morgan and his men, bent upon the bloody destruction of old Panama. Through this territory ran the first transcontinental railroad in the Americas—a road that cost unspeakable things in the lives of those that built it. Here, too, the grandiloquent de Lesseps brought the savings of French peasants to fulfill his heroic dream of blasting asunder the continents that God had joined together. With tools inadequate to the task, without the knowledge won from the sacrifice of those three American soldiers, he

(*Continued on page 403*)

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Lights Down

A Review of the New York Theatre

Dorothy and Du Bose Heyward's "Porgy"

TWO things perhaps contributed to my feeling of slight disappointment on coming away from the Theatre Guild's production of "Porgy," the folk-play of South Carolina Negro life along the Charleston water-front. It has been inordinately praised; and I read the book when it was published last year.

Certainly "read the book and see the play" is not the best of all possible advice. Instead of enjoying the play more, one is apt to be like the child who is grieved when the story departs even slightly from what is already well understood beforehand. In this case I knew the story could easily be compressed within the limits of the two hours and a half, and I expected it to be magnificently presented.

In one sense, it is. Cleon Throckmorton has caught up the orange-splashed, blue-shadowed colors of Catfish Row and made them serve far beyond ordinary limits of stage settings. Also Rouben Mamoulian has directed the Negroes' singing of the spirituals with a wondrously skillful eye to their dramatic effect upon the narrative. He has directed them much as a grand-opera conductor would, catching the precise dramatic pitch of the scenes and carrying them on higher with the music, until several of them verge on positive genius—notably the one in the high-ceilinged room with the boarded-up shutters and the broken plaster decorations, where the Negroes are gathered singing, while outside the hurricane rises and knocks upon the door with the knuckles of Death.

Higher and higher rises the hurricane, and the music rises with it. On the wall the shadows of the Negroes tower and sway like giants from a devil's lamp. Crash! The door is flung open and Crown enters. Crown, the murderer, naked to the waist. Crown, not afraid of the devil. Filled with ironic laughter over the fear of the Negroes huddled before him. Friend of God. Blasphemer.

Crash!

The swaying Negroes cower. The music rises higher and stronger till it is like a wail. "Oh, Lo'd hab mercy on me!"

And over against it now Crown, the defiant savage, jeers, dances, strikes crippled Porgy and does a breakdown among the frightened Africans like some evil spirit of the hurricane itself.

Color, emotion, and music; scenes of despair and fear, primitive love and hate; a clear impression of African Negro life lived as a totally separate, untouched thing within our civilization—all these are contained in "Porgy," as well as much more. It is real darky life, of the most primitive sort, as lived along the Charleston water-front, mirrored with extraordinary sincerity and fidelity. On the tragedy of Porgy and the only woman he ever had, Crown's Bess, are strung many poignant scenes of murder and passion, of superstition and fear, of Negro humor and naïveté. Coming from it, one realizes the thin veneer of civilization that coats many of our lower-class American Negroes. Beyond that, one has beheld and listened to a gorgeous thing, worth going to simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

Where, then, is there disappointment?

First of all, frankly, in the acting. Porgy himself does not catch and hold the imagination as did Porgy of the book—Porgy of the goat-cart, who sat silent and rapt all day long, begging and dozing lightly in the terrific heat of King Charles Street; conveying to those who gave him alms a disquieting impression, a sense of infinite patience that only half concealed a terrific energy—an energy realized at night in Catfish Row, where life became intense, burning with excitement, and he threw the ivories with the stevedores and fishermen. Sphinx by day; crippled gambler by night.

From the Porgy of the book I received an impression of strength which I did not get from the character as portrayed on the Guild Theatre stage. To me, therefore, by that much the drama loses power.

Beyond that the play that has been fashioned is frankly merely an episodic, pictorial folk-play. The book is followed very closely—except at the end—and the dramatic thread that binds the scenes is very thin. Astoundingly weak curtains are only partially redeemed by music and color. Even the "Fifteen" struck by the hurricane bell while Catfish Row waits for the grim warning and the wind starts to rise peters out into a very flat moment. Nothing at all happens—presumably because, in a book on real life, a hurricane is plenty. In the play, however, one is left wishing for something more; the return, perhaps, at that instant of Crown, or something to point the reality of life as lived by the characters.

To a certain extent, the play is thus afflicted all the way through. Events are not so ordered as to bring about proper climaxes. At any moment a good stage picture is considered enough to bring down the curtain. Much is thus lost. For whether the spectator analyzes his dissatisfaction or not, it is there. What could easily have been a great play of the emotions of Negroes remains simply a colorful folk-tale worth seeing, worth hearing, but not worth writing down as dramatic literature.

As interesting as the play, to me, was the fact that next to me were two exceedingly intelligent colored people—

Our Own Theatre List

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Life back-stage in a Broadway cabaret. Done with vim, rum, and pistols.

"The Road to Rome," Playhouse.—A slightly Rabelaisian take-off on history which might have been a great play if genuine emotion had been substituted for wise-cracking. An amusing evening, as it is.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Vaudeville and melodrama, with vaudeville taking the tricks.

"Burlesque," Plymouth.—Back-stage drama in the small towns, with maternal emotion making a success of an otherwise ruined actor.

"Escape," The Booth.—Strung on a thin thread, but the most satisfying play on Broadway.

"The Good Hope," Civic Repertory Theatre.—A slow tragedy of the men who comb the sea for fish and the women they leave behind.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Evidence turned inside out, in an expert and engrossing mystery murder trial.

"Balieff's Chauve-Souris," Cosmopolitan.—"Mother Goose" under one arm, the "Arabian Nights" under the other.

"An Enemy of the People," Hampden's Theatre.—It's bitter; but it's Ibsen—and true.

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—A tragedy of youth and small-town life in the South.

Musical Shows

"Hit the Deck," Belasco.—Louise Groody—and a fast show.

"The Five O'clock Girl," Forty-fourth Street Theatre.—Has nearly everything.

"Good News," Chanin.—We haven't seen it, but our friends like it.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Our old friends Gilbert and Sullivan excellently represented.

"The Merry Malones," Erlanger's.—George Cohan—and everybody dances.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more?

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man and girl—to whom the whole affair was clearly as much a spectacle of African primitives as it was to me. They felt, apparently, much as you or I would feel at a play on Carolina or Kentucky mountaineers of the most ignorant sort: amused, thrilled, and interested, but in no sense identified.

The world does move.

I wish it had moved Heyward's fine book into a better play—or at least into American grand opera. Is there no American composer who will consider this?

Who's Afraid?

(*Continued from page 401*)

was doomed in advance to fail. The task which dropped from his hands was left for a wiser, though no more courageous, generation to perform.

As the Malolo rose quietly and serenely to the level of Gatun Lake, passed through the severed backbone of the Isthmus, and descended again to the waters of the Pacific, it traversed a route made passable by mankind through something more than cruelty and greed. Greed and cruelty have indeed dyed black the history of the Isthmus of Panama, but its palm-clad hills and blue waters have witnessed dreams and visions that were sheer poetry.

THE Malolo lies, as I write, at her dock awaiting the moment when she shall begin her first voyage to Hawaii. Above her spacious decks rises the rugged skyline of San Francisco. A little over two decades ago those hills were a flaming furnace. Men and women saw in that holocaust the end of lifetimes of labor and the destruction of all that they held dear, and yet before the ruins ceased from smoldering they had set their faces towards the future and planned a greater and better San Francisco that is now more than a reality. A material triumph? Perhaps. But such triumphs are triumphs of the spirit, too. Without the spirit, the tangible reality cannot be born.

THE poet who wrote so passionately of fear will find, I think, that the moment of doubt in which she rested her plea is, after all, only a moment, and that there will come a time when the dark tower which she faced will, like the morning mists in the Valley of the Yosemite, fade away and let in the sun.

COME, set the slughorn to your lips and blow!

Ten Dollars—and Make Good[1]

By 20,803

I WAS SENTENCED in the lower courts of Boston the other day for a larceny offense to twenty days in jail and a fine of ten dollars. The irony of that sentence you will see if you read on.

In 1900 I was committed to the Concord Reformatory for an indefinite term. Upon my release from that institution I received three dollars and the best wishes from the warden to "make good." But I had no intention of "making good." That well-meaning official might just as well have spoken to the surrounding prison walls.

I was just launching upon a criminal career that covered a period of twenty-seven years—twenty spent behind prison walls and seven of precarious liberty.

My first burglary offense went to the jury on July 10, 1902. I received a sentence to five years' imprisonment. Upon my release I received ten dollars, a prison suit of clothing, and again the best wishes of the warden to "make good." On ten dollars.

A well-known shoe manufacturer of Boston had a beautiful home in the suburbs of the city. It was broken into at night. I was the candidate to stand trial for this offense. Without a defense counsel to plead my case, I went back to the Charlestown Prison from a sentence of six to eight years. But everything has an end, and once again I stood in the warden's office to receive the State's ten dollars and the warden's wishes to "make good."

Now the average warden has not much sentiment towards his charges. I believe every warden uses the same expression. So our parting was merely a brief formality. Make good on ten dollars.

The money Massachusetts gave me furnished me transportation to New York. The Bowery was my goal. There I met an old pal of mine, a "paper-layer," in the vernacular of the underworld, or, in other words, a forger. Together we let loose a score of bad checks.

In order to elude the authorities I enlisted in the army. But my career as a soldier ended abruptly with a two-year sentence at the military prison at Leavenworth. The army is a little more liberal with "conduct time" for good behavior. So in a year I received my discharge from that institution.

My liberty was of short duration. The New York authorities were at the outer gates to take me back to stand trial for the bad checks. A visit up the river for a few years under Warden Osborne's administration finally terminated, and again I stood in the warden's office and received my discharge and ten dollars and his admonition to "make good."

I have now become a fifth offender, for my last offense against society cost me a long sentence. I received my discharge the other day. The ten dollars the State of Massachusetts gave me has not as yet given me a new start in life.

Since my release I have done a little figuring. According to my calculation, I have accomplished thousands of dollars' worth of profitable work. For this I received fifty dollars from the States of Massachusetts and New York.

I have not told all this, obviously, with an idea of excusing myself. But it strikes me there is bad management in the way I have been treated.

Once out of jail, I was always up against a line-up that made it practically impossible for me to get and hold a job, because of the prejudice against an ex-convict. In one place, the other workmen began taking their coats out of the washroom when they heard about me. I was headed naturally back by society toward crime, instead of encouraged to "make good." That is the injustice—and the fact that I never left prison with anything like a fair balance of pay for the work I had done behind the bars.

I hope that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the State of New York, that are so far advanced in many other things, will make it possible for discharged convicts to get a new start with sufficient cash to make good on.

[1] See editorial comment.—The Editors.

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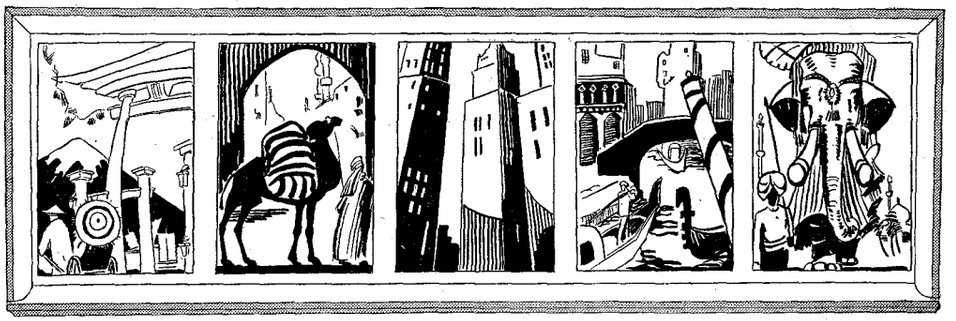

Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

SCIENCE seems on the way to solving the problem of economic conflicts between nations for sources of certain vital raw materials with which diplomacy has been unable to deal. Science goes about the task, not by trying to find a way of dividing available supplies, but by creating new supplies.

Oil and rubber furnish two examples. They are necessities about which there have been endless difficulty and dispute.

Lately there came news that the German Dye Trust had perfected a method for producing synthetic petroleum. But this alone—despite its interest to a nation of motor-car owners—might not have commanded American attention if coupled with it there had not been a report that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey had formed a combination with the German trust. This showed that the process was of such practical value that the most powerful oil corporation wished to have a hand in its control and use. By the agreement the American concern acquired a share in the rights for making artificial petroleum, which thus may supplement the resources of natural petroleum the country possesses if they should show signs of exhaustion.

Not content with synthetic petroleum, the Germans have been at work on methods of making synthetic rubber. At the fiftieth anniversary of the German Chemical Manufacturers' Association recently, a speaker predicted that artificial rubber will soon enter world markets in competition with natural rubber. Methods developed so far have cost too much to be practical, but a new method was announced which simplified the process of uniting the elements of rubber found in coal tar. The German Dye Trust has applied for world patents.

If the German product proves equal to natural rubber and as cheap, it will be of great interest to the people of the United States. We use more than half of the world output of crude rubber, and have to depend largely on British-controlled plantations in the East Indies and Malaya for our supply.

GOLD *accumulated in the United States after the war is finding its way gradually into international use to put the finances of less fortunate nations on a firm basis. Brazil has negotiated a sale of bonds in our markets amounting to $41,500,000, of which $36,000,000 is to go to the Brazilian Government in the form of United States coin. Two gold shipments of $11,000,000 each have already been sent, and the balance is to be forwarded shortly. This is one of several such transactions by which our surplus of gold is being transferred to the credit of other nations, a second recent instance having been the sale of $15,000,000 in gold to the Bank of Poland to help stabilize the Polish currency.*

PILSUDSKI, the Polish dictator, is after Lithuania—so Moscow will have it, but western Europe appears to remain unconvinced.

Poland and Lithuania have been technically at war for some six years—ever since the Polish General Zeligowski seized the city of Vilna. The Lithuanians wanted Vilna as their capital, but the Poles likewise laid claim to it. Since it lies on a main railway line and is a junction essential to Polish army strategy, the right of the stronger prevailed and Poland took it. Within the last few weeks Soviet spokesmen have declared that Poland was massing troops on the Lithuanian frontier and preparing to take the whole country, and also the Baltic port of Memel.

Poland has denied these charges. France, Poland's ally, has pointed out through her Foreign Office that similar reports, current for the past six months, have been traced to German or Russian sources, and that differences between Lithuania and Poland are to come before the Council of the League of Nations in December. Consequently, Marshal Pilsudski would hardly choose this moment for a campaign against Lithuania, even if he had such a plan in mind at all. And it is to be recalled that it was Pilsudski who quieted trouble on the Lithuanian-Polish frontier last month, when quarrels had arisen over the treatment of Polish children in Lithuanian schools and Polish hotheads were proposing reprisals against Lithuanian children in Polish schools.

MOUKHTAR BEY, *the newly appointed first Ambassador from the Turkish Republic to the United States, is on his way to Washington. He is said to seek ratification of the Lausanne Treaty, rejected by Congress, as the main aim of his mission. At the same time a contract has been announced for the expenditure of $2,500,000 by the Turkish Government for American industrial equipment. This is to include construction of railroad shops for a new transportation line, to open up a rich agricultural and industrial region of Turkey and connect with the Bagdad Railway.*

Nationalist Turkey is renewing relations with America in the most up-to-date style.

GERMANY has heard again that she is spending too much and too carelessly, and so is endangering fulfillment of the Dawes Plan for payment of war damages. This time it is a German who says it, and one in the position of highest financial authority—Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, President of the Reichsbank.

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In an article in the "Deutsche Volkswirt," quoted in cables from Berlin, he emphatically backs up the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments, S. Parker Gilbert, who recently gave the German Government a warning on this score.

Dr. Schacht insists on the need for the strictest economy to meet the terms of the reparation plan which Germany accepted. While he argues that the plan will ultimately be changed, he insists that Germany must not think of asking reconsideration now before the end of the four-year test period under which it is being put into effect. And he characterizes many German cities as borrowers and spendthrifts for luxuries while neglecting necessities.

With so influential a German spokesman to support him, Mr. Gilbert should have no difficulty in making effective the point of view of the Allies and America regarding the policies essential to guarantee that Germany will pay her debts to the full extent of her capacity.

PARLIAMENT *has always been a synonym for dignity in Great Britain. But since the Labor Party secured the position of the second largest group in the House of Commons reports of parliamentary debates have been more diverting. A few days ago, former Labor Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald demanded a vote of censure of the Conservative Government for neglect of the unemployment situation. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade, attempted to answer. But the Laborites wanted Prime Minister Baldwin. Howling his spokesman down, they yelled: "We want the organ-grinder —not the monkey." The disorder ended in amusement when a Laborite took a mock vote of censure; but it served to show again the deep rift in British public life which Americans first saw fully revealed in the days of the coal strike two years ago.*

MEXICO is decidedly modernizing her methods in the endeavor to improve her economic situation.

Some weeks ago the Governors of all the States and Territories in the Mexican Republic joined with the Confederation of Chambers of Commerce to carry on a campaign for study of the nation-wide problems of tax reduction, lower prices for necessities, improvement of living conditions, administrative economy, and cutting down unemployment. Now the National Railways of Mexico have included in the budget for next year an amount of $100,000 to be spent to attract tourists to Mexico, primarily from the United States and Canada, and to assure them good service. In all some $500,000 will be spent to this end, the balance by railways of the United States connecting with Mexican lines. And if the project shows signs of success, both the Mexican and our own companies promise to double the amounts of their expenditures. Mexico plans to facilitate the passage of tourists at the border and to give them special attention during their stay. Probably few measures could do more to insure better relations in the future, as well as to increase Mexican resources, than such a plan to increase the number of visitors from the north.

The Harm My Education Did Me

(Continued from page 397)

made me give deeper thought to the question of education.

FOR existing conditions I have three remedies to offer. First, larger salaries, and therefore higher standards and keener competition for teachers. Less insistence upon bone-dry scholarship and more upon personality and character.

Of my own little college group, only one went into teaching. She was an amiable and complacent girl, grown rather less amiable but more complacent, daughter of a boarding-school principal who has literally never lived outside a school. Armed with a Ph.D., she now instructs youth in the same college from which she graduated. I should not care to place my daughter under her guidance; for she is not a woman, but a curiously dried mummy of the girl we used to know, with nothing to give but book knowledge.

By contrast, a friend who for some dozen years has earned a good living in journalism once tried to secure a part-time teaching position in a woman's college. To be sure, she did not boast the academic degree which—justly enough in most cases—is the test for college teaching. But she did have keen intelligence and valuable knowledge gained in the school of hard practical experience. A bespectacled gentleman eyed her excellent magazine articles with indifference, but inquired if she had an M.A. and whether she had done "ghosting."

"Ghosting?" inquired the puzzled journalist. "I never heard of it."

The professor stared. "Never heard of ghosting?" he exclaimed. "And you claim to be a special-article writer?"

Discovery that she had been "ghosting" for ten years without knowing it—*i. e.*, writing interview articles to which public men signed their names—did not lessen his contempt, and her subsequent confession to only two years of college, due to financial straits, put an abrupt end to the interview.

That brings me to my second remedy. Use sources outside academic life in the classroom. Make room in the crowded text-book schedules for talks by all kinds of men and women—business, professional, artistic, domestic. Not only permit, but encourage and persuade married women with the necessary qualifications to teach. And thus, little by little, allow a sense of reality to penetrate the hermetically sealed doors of our educational institutions, teaching girls that wisdom begins with one's self and cannot be found in books.

It is less for a change in curriculum that I argue—though I believe that half my college study was completely wasted —than for a change in atmosphere, that so much more subtle and difficult, perhaps as yet impossible, element to secure.

AND that leads me to what is, I fear, my forlornest hope of all. Let women search their own hearts and admit what they find there. Let them mold their lives, not upon artificial standards of bygone feminists, but upon the honest weaknesses and the eternal strength of woman. Let them read and ponder well that fiercely reviled book "The Soul of Woman," so true in spirit, however erring in detail.

Perhaps some of you who spend your lives denying your own existence will turn upon the unimportant author of this article some of the frightened scorn with which you attacked Gina Lombroso. I answer, that I have stood where you stand. I too once turned deaf ears to the cries of that prisoner you will not release. Today I live in the truth of my own soul. All I wish for you is the same peace. Until you find it, I and other mothers I know will think long before we deliver our daughters into your dangerous hands.

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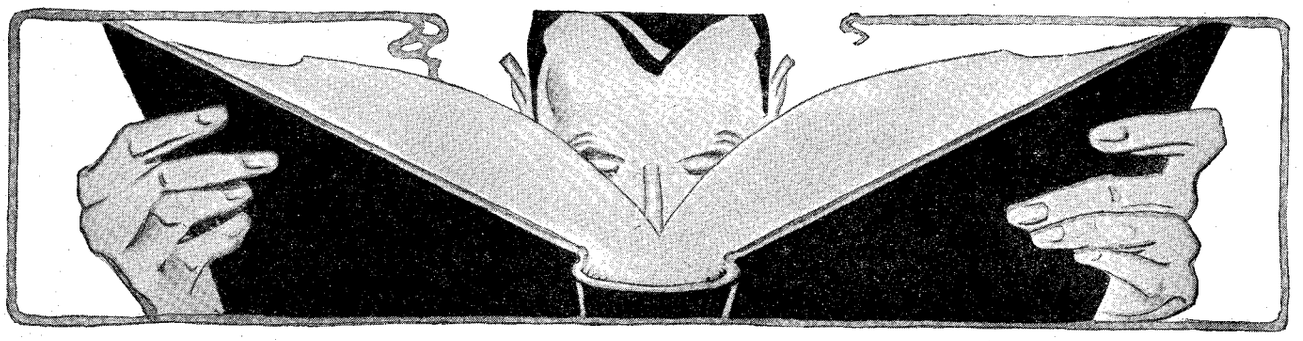

"Serious Reading"

By FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

EVERY one who has had to do with the distribution of books during the last eight or ten years has been witness, if he chose to observe, to a turn in American interest. Judging from the books they have been reading, Americans have gone through the final stages to the end of the religious cult phase of adolescence and have entered the philosophy of life stage.

Ten years ago the worship of physical health became almost a National religion, threatening to displace that of material success. Some of its propagandists, like the more successful missionaries to the foreign field, sought to fuse the best elements of both creeds, and gave happy combinations of business method, good will, and breathing exercises.

Like all religions, the cult of physical well-being had its schismatic sects. The orthodox subscribed to the tenets of life extension institutes, fed upon bran bread and sacramental coffee, genuflected matutinally to the sound of music. They were saved by works. The heterodox looked to salvation by faith. By faith they removed mountains of flesh and went about with shining morning faces. As heterodoxy gained, it slipped naturally into another sort of faith healing, from concern for physical health into concern for mental. Interest in intestinal obstructions gave way to interest in psychic ones. Complications fell before complexes. Psychoanalysis was God, and Jung and Freud his prophets. Jung and Freud for a while. This was a popular creed because it was, for the layman, largely conversational. It had its martyrs—some in very truth. But mostly, it had its minor prophets. Presently there was no congregation in its churches. Every one was clamoring to get into the pulpit. This creed, again, led naturally into the next. "What use is health if we have festering complexes? Analysis cannot alter personality. How do we get this way?"

To these clamoring for new revelations the scientists were sent. They were hard leaders, and their followers went about in sackcloth and ashes, beating upon their breasts because they were miserable sinners on account of their glands and their environment and their choice of parents, and there was nothing that could be done about it. It was the doctrine of original sin, and there was no atonement.

ALL these cults had their sacred literature. The presses, the bookstalls, the libraries of the country were flooded with it. "Diet and Health," "Health and the Human Spirit," "The Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science," "Outwitting Our Nerves," "The Conquest of Fear," Tridon, Hinckle, Coué, Brill, "The Glands Regulating Personality," "Heredity and Environment," "Why We Behave Like Human Beings"—these books sold in vast numbers, were studied and discussed with tragic avidity by an unhappy generation seeking after a sign.

The progressively depressing effect of these cults led, as adolescent religious experiments often do, to atheism. And the next step was the one usually reached in the sophomoric period, the demand for a philosophy of life. In spite of disorganized physical or mental health, very much in spite of heredity and environment, "life goes on," as our novelists assure us. Some means of making it endurable must be found. Philosophically—philosophy. Never mind what philosophy means, what is wanted is something like "trust in God and keep your powder dry," or "it will all come out in the wash," or *"ich dien,"* only better and more of it. And the seekers looked for something that could be read about and studied, because books which teach have the property of an awful power, their authors the necromancer's uncanny omniscience.

Nothing has astonished the book business more than the colossal sale last year of "The Story of Philosophy," by Will Durant. Nothing should have surprised it less if it had followed the trend of American "serious reading." "The Story of Philosophy" did what all good school-books ought to do—enticed its readers on to the sources. The modern philosophers (Bertrand Russell, Santayana, Will Durant himself, whose book "Transition" is beginning to appear on best-selling lists) may expect new printings, and the convenient editions of the classics are beginning to be bought, presumably to be read.

PROPHECY is not part of speaking of books. But one inevitably watches for the moment when this public of seeking readers will come to the end of the sophomore years and conclude that salvation is not to be learned. Any man's creed may be believed, any man's philosophy accepted with the brain. But unless it is felt it is footless. Feeling is not to be found in books studied as facts. It is only when the contents of a book leaves the schoolmaster's hand and enters the reader's heart that it begins to be real to him. Not books to study; books to read. Books which, by providing by means as diverse as are the hearts of their readers an escape from the need of a palliative philosophy, a renewal of gusto for living, fulfill what a supreme philosopher called the function of literature.

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

What They Are Reading

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF BEST-SELLING BOOKS is compiled from lists sent us by telegram on Saturday by the following bookshops: Brentano's, New York; Old Corner Book Store, Boston; Scrantoms Inc., Rochester; Korner & Wood, Cleveland; Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney, St. Louis; Kendrick Bellamy Company, Denver; Teolin Pillot Company, Houston; Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. We asked these stores to co-operate with us each week because we believe that they are representative of the taste of the more intelligent readers in their communities. The books which are most in demand in these shops are usually those which are most discussed. We believe that they are the books which Outlook readers will want to know more about.

Fiction

JALNA. By Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co.

For vivid caricatures, fresh and striking setting, and refreshing enthusiasm in the author's attitude toward her work take this. Reviewed in our issue of November 2.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf.

If beauty of style and concept, richness in descriptive passages, and noble and living characters please you, you will read and re-read this fine imaginative biography. Reviewed in our issue of October 26.

KITTY. By Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf.

You will find this readable, touching in places, capably written, lifelike in characterization, touched with humor and sentiment. If not as good as "Sorrell & Son," it is yet a typical Deeping novel.

RED SKY AT MORNING. By Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Co.

If you enjoyed "The Constant Nymph"—and who did not?—you will want to read this moving story of a pair of haplessly enchanted twins, square pegs in round holes. Reviewed in our issue of last week.

FORLORN RIVER. By Zane Grey. Harper & Brothers.

The author knows his public, and writes for it. If you belong, you will enjoy this book. It is first-rate light fiction of the Western romantic melodrama school, a good boy's book, written with restraint, color, and skill by a writer who knows and loves his setting and is sincere.

Non-Fiction

BISMARCK. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co.

This masterly biography of a great genius should delight any one with a taste for solid reading and time to indulge it. A little side-reading in the encyclopædia will help toward an understanding of nineteenth-century Germany, but it is not necessary to one's enjoyment of the book. Reviewed in our issue of November 9.

TRADER HORN. By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster.

For high adventure and romance you cannot do better than this. Reviewed in our issue of November 16.

NOW WE ARE SIX. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co.

If Christopher Robin is, as we suppose, one of your favorite poets, you

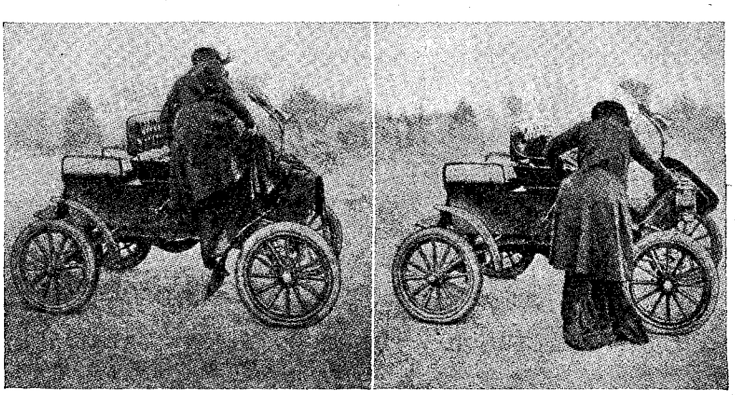
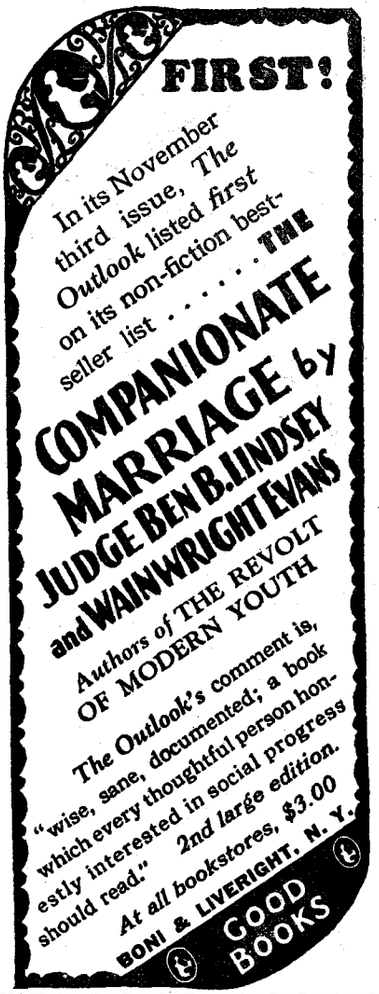


Illustration in "Our Times"—(see page 408) From "Leslie's Weekly," March 31, 1904

Instruction to the long-skirted women of 1904 about right and wrong ways of entering a "motor wagon"


FIRST!
In its November third issue, The Outlook listed first on its non-fiction best-seller list . . . . . THE COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE by JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY and WAINWRIGHT EVANS
Authors of THE REVOLT OF MODERN YOUTH
The Outlook's comment is, "wise, sane, documented; a book which every thoughtful person honestly interested in social progress should read."
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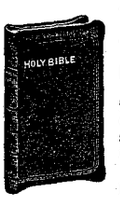

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MOTHER INDIA. By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

The persistence with which this skillful piece of reporting remains a best-seller may speak well for this Nation's profound interest in social questions in India. Or it may speak for something else. Reviewed in our issue of June 22.

OUR TIMES. Vol. II—America Finding Herself. By Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

If you are interested in America, you will want this book; and it is better to own than to borrow, because it is good for picking up in snatches, for reading aloud; because it is stored with valuable information and side-splitting laughs; and because, especially in the first part, which is devoted to a study of some of the elements which have gone into the formation of the current American attitude toward life in general, you will find much that will help you to understand that attitude in yourself and in others.

The Inevitable Leeway

Christmas Is Coming

IF you are a right-minded soul, bound to preserve the fine old traditions of Christmas giving and receiving, you are even now confronted with the horrid task of making up your list. It is easier to assume a moral attitude and to say that the spirit has been lost in the Christmas present-exchange system and that you, for one, will take a stand on a moral issue and give not even a pocket-handkerchief. But, praise be to the god of shopkeepers, it isn't being done.

"Books are the best Christmas gifts," whisper and coo and shout the publishers and the book-shops; and for once the advertiser speaks truth. Books are the best things to give because they are fun to select, easy to wrap and mail, cheaper than most things, and likely to give substantial pleasure. They are best to receive because they can be readily exchanged, may be read and regiven or handed on to the hospital, or they may be read and kept and re-read, a constant reminder of the discriminating thoughtfulness of a wise friend.

But it is not always easy to select the book to fit the recipient, and, in the hope of being helpful, the reviewer offers this, her own brief list:

FOR *Sarah Sipper*, who has the taste and time to be a gentle dabbler in many good things, knows something about a lot, chooses carefully and well for herself, and has a catholic point of view, with perhaps a special bent toward the arts:

CITIES AND MEN. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

This brilliant book will please her. She could not have conceived a line of its splendid introductory essay on "Culture and Barbarism," and with some of it she may not agree, but it, and the essays which follow on Hazlitt, Heine, Santayana, and many other striking literary figures, discussed under the provocative headings of "Englishmen," "Americans," "Jews," etc., will surprise, please, and stimulate her.

THE GREAT PAINTERS. By Edith R. Abbott (senior instructor in the history of painting at the Metropolitan Museum). Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.

This is not a history of the development of art—that she will already have; its purpose is rather to focus attention on certain great achievements in painting with the object of illustrating the continuity of the European tradition. There are many good illustrations, and a bibliography and biographical notes. The period covered is from the beginning of Christian painting in Italy to the present.

FOR *Uncle Phineas*, a student and an ardent lover of literature, but, being a professor in a small sectarian college, not in a position to buy books, here are two which will fill his Christmas stocking and his soul to overflowing:

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Translated and Annotated by J. G. Pilkington. A new edition by Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

If he has the "St. Augustine," it is probably worn shabby and falling to pieces. This will give him the Pilkington translation, first issued in 1876, which follows the Benedictine Latin text, and is generally considered the finest, in a beautiful and convenient format.

SHELLEY: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Walter E. Peck. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin Company. $12.50.

Here he will have a fine and scholarly work of genuine literary value, on a subject which is probably dear to his heart. It contains much new material from

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hitherto unexplored sources, and is an absorbing study of this complex and fascinating figure. Professor Peck presents Shelley as a man and as an artist. For vividness, completeness, authenticity, and weight of new material this ranks with Amy Lowell's "Keats" as a permanent addition to English literature.

FOR *Cousin James*, who lives conscientiously through eleven months of Stock Exchange and loving family in order to spend the twelfth rioting on the high seas in a dingy schooner thick with the smells of tobacco, fried onions, and fish:

THE BOOK OF THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN. By James B. Connolly. Illustrations by H. O'Connor. The John Day Company. $5.

Here is the highly dramatic record, by a writer of sea stories, of the exploits of a fast-disappearing breed of American heroes. Reading it, he will forget that there is a "power" engine now in his schooner. The tales that it tells are true, gathered from the author's long experience with Gloucester fishermen or from the lips of the protagonists themselves, and the illustrations are fine.

PHILOSOPHY. By Bertrand Russell. W. H. Norton & Co. (The publishers mention no price, but probably do not give the book away.)

He thinks sometimes, does Cousin James, and after his wife has expounded her newest philosophy, learned at $25 per hour, for a few evenings, he likes to "just slip away with a book." Bertrand Russell will please him because he presents philosophy in the terms of modern science and succeeds in producing an orderly philosophy which tends toward "freeing mankind from prejudice and distortion." Cousin James is no joiner; he will be glad to find a modern philosopher who aspires to found no cult.

FOR *Aunt Callista*, who bought a deserted farmhouse in Vermont years ago, and has since been, not that house's owner but its slave, whose Ford, loaded with hinges, mantelpieces, and Bible boxes, is known on every dusty back road in New England, whose eyes glitter with the collector's lust, and whose heart is glad:

CANDLE DAYS. By Marion Nicholl Rawson. The Century Company. $3.50.

This is a history of every-day things in America, from colonial times to the end of "candle-light." To her it will be like finding, say, a Sears, Roebuck catalogue compiled in 1775 by a writer as enthusiastic as herself, whose knowledge is exhaustive, and whose comment is canny, detailed, and gracious. This is just about perfect as a present for Aunt Callista.

OLD HOUSES OF NEW ENGLAND. By Knowlton Mixer. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Here is a book in which the author, neither historian nor architect, has nevertheless given a fine picture of the social history of a people and of the houses they lived in. Carried on the wings of his vivid and beautifully illustrated account of the old houses, is an intelligent study of the growth of independent thought in New England.

FOR *Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby*, earnest, intelligent, kindly, unsophisticated, interested in and hopeful about the Church and the State, eager to "keep up with the new books," and with more fondness for good reading than they have time to indulge:

D. L. MOODY: A WORKER IN SOULS. By Gamaliel Bradford. The George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

This is an obvious choice. The Ponsonbys have the wit to admire Bradford's psychography, his extraordinary analytical skill, the fine balance and fluent style which mark his work. And this is a subject which interests them. They were brought up on Moody and Sankey. They are a little uneasy over the present disparaging attitude toward evangelists in general, and they will follow with eagerness the burning urge which drove Moody on, the growth of his own soul and of his power over the souls of others, the methods he used and the results he got. And they will, when they have watched the American mind under the sway of Moody's preaching and Sankey's hymns, know more about themselves.

THE LEGACY OF ISRAEL. By Various Contributors. Edited by E. R. Bevan and Charles Singer. The Oxford University Press, American Branch. $4.

The previous volumes of this series, "The Legacies" of Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, have already been given to the Ponsonbys. They enjoy reading them, in parts, from time to time, and they find them useful to refer to. These books give in a readily assimilated form the beginnings of an understanding of our indebtedness to past ages. They are the work of eminent scholars, and many gifted essayists have also contributed to make them delightful reading. The

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FOR *Agatha and Ambrose,* who have everything, do everything, see everything, and who are still as excited about Christmas presents as any one of their five children:

THE AFRICAN SAGA. By Blaise Cendrars. Payson & Clarke, Ltd. $5.

This is a capable translation, by Margery Bianco, of the "Anthologie Nègre," published in 1921, and much discussed in French and French-speaking literary and artistic circles. Africa possesses a rich and varied, if primitive culture, and much of it has been preserved and expressed in the oral literature, of which this is a compilation. The book is interesting, well made, and out of the ordinary.

CHINESE ART. By R. L. Hobson. The Macmillan Company. $12.50.

This is a gorgeous picture book. It contains, to be sure, a scholarly introductory article, outlining Chinese art for the lay Occidental's understanding, and a bibliography. But what makes it the ideal present for Agatha and Ambrose is the one hundred—count 'em—color plates, reproducing pottery, porcelain, jade, paintings, etc.; things that make your mouth water and your palms itch. Every picture is beautiful. Any one from infancy to maturity can look at this book (being sure that the hands are nice and clean), and enjoy it again and again.

FOR *the seven people* to whom in the good old days would have been given an elaborate pictorial calendar, setting forth a thought by an inspirational poet for every day in the year:

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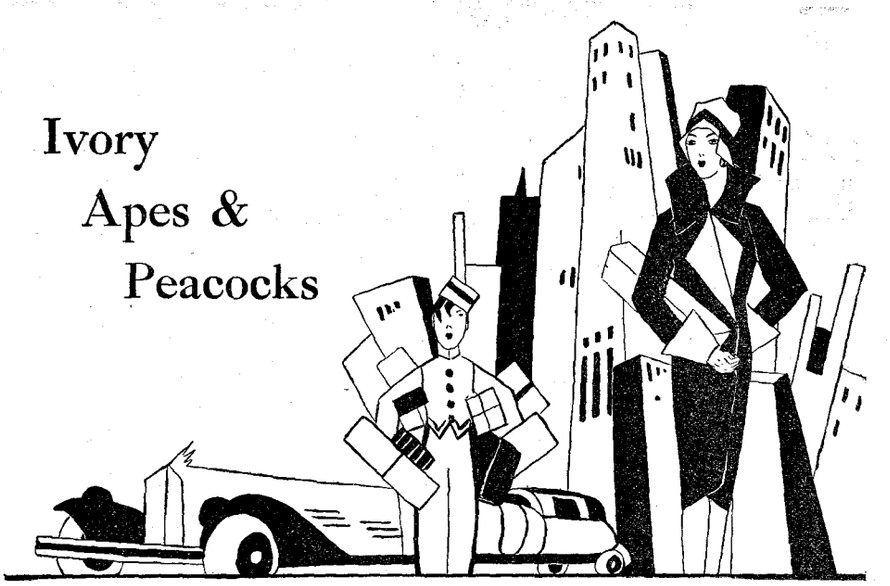
THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed on this page or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.



Ivory Apes & Peacocks

The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

PERSONALLY, we have never thought much of the plan of doing our Christmas shopping early. We tried it once, in July, but by December we had completely forgotten about the things we had bought, and we went out and bought a new set, all around. It wasn't until after New Year's that we discovered the first lot. "Fine!" we said. "We'll do 'em up and label 'em carefully and put 'em away, and they'll be all ready for next year." Which we did. And next year, when it was time to send them out, we had put them away so carefully that we couldn't find them. So we dashed out on Christmas Eve and again bought a new set.

It is more fun to do that, anyway. You take a list of the relatives and friends, and of such enemies as insist on sending you each year a "little remembrance," and you force your way into the nearest department store. Then you find a vacant spot and stand there deep in thought, finger to cheek, until a floorwalker comes up. If you act helpless enough, he will do practically all your buying for you. When you get home, you'll find that you haven't bought anything for Aunt Emma, but there's probably an old wedding present, or something that you got last year, that will do for her.

The most useful gifts are those that can be passed on the next year. There was a knitting-bag in our family that went from relative to relative for six years. It would have been going yet if all the previous years' cards — "Merry Xmas to dear Mary, from Aunt Kate," and so on—hadn't been discovered inside by an overcurious cousin. As it was, the bag had probably saved ten times its value in thought and money.

Of course, there are some gifts that can't be bought this way. For one reason or another, an intelligent selection has to be made in certain cases, and in these cases we believe that this department may be of some help to you. We do not intend to give an exhaustive, or even a representative list of suggestions for gifts, but many of the new things which we have described, and will continue to describe, will certainly appeal to you as possible gifts, and you may not have heard of them or thought of them before.

The Toastmaster, for instance. There must be others like ourself who want their breakfast toast hot and crisp from the toaster, yet who are so mentally vacant early in the morning that a curl of smoke rising from the bread in the toaster isn't even noticed, or, if noticed, seems simply not worth bothering about. With the Toastmaster you put in a couple of slices of bread, push down the levers that turn on the current, then doze happily until a faint pop rouses

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EVA R. DIXON, Director

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you. That pop means that the timer has turned off the current and that two nicely browned slices are awaiting your appetite.

Then there are the little tool kits, with from six to a dozen small tools and a handle into which each tool can be locked firmly as it is used. All packed in a neat leather case. Many men like these kits and find them very useful, and the fact that the larger kits include one or two bizarre-looking instruments for which to the lay mind there seems to be no known use only makes them more interesting. You feel that they would be sure to come in handy somewhere.

Individual picnic sets—a leather case which will go into your pocket, and contains a flat glass, napkin, and folding knife, fork, and spoon. There is variety in these, to suit individual taste. Some have no spoon, some have no napkin, some contain two of everything. They are very neat and compact. And beyond and above these individual sets are the fitted picnic baskets and hampers which contain practically a full dinner service.

Fitted traveling bags and cases can be had in an astounding variety. Tapir calf is a new leather which is being used in some of these. It has an attractive grain, and comes in a number of colors.

A very useful case is the wardrobe suitcase made by the Innovation Company. It is simply a small wardrobe trunk with drawers and hangers for clothing, 34 inches long, and very light and strongly made. This company also makes a very useful combination hat-and-shoe trunk.

A new development of the brief-case for travelers is the Travelers' Efficiency Case, seen at Abercrombie & Fitch's. It has nine compartments, indexed, as well as room in the bottom for a small amount of clothing and toilet articles. The cover opens like that of a suitcase, and the filing compartments open out like a fan, so that the contents are readily accessible. It is an excellent case for the business man or executive to carry with him on any overnight trip—or even for regular use, if he dislikes the usual bulgy look of the overstuffed brief-case.

A very practical case for a man's toilet articles is made by Cross. It is of black or tan leather, 10 by 4 by 2 inches, with flexible sides. There are no flaps or loops in the body of the case, so that everything is easy to get at—a valuable feature when the porter forgets to wake you in time.

W. R. B.

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Important to Subscribers

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

Have It Your Own Way

Theodore Roosevelt replies to "A Public Man's Good Name"

OF course I entirely disagree with your editorial from every standpoint, otherwise I would not have made the speeches I did make.

I made a number of charges in my speeches, all of which are true, and all of which I substantiated again and again, not by hearsay evidence, but by the court records.

There is widespread commercialized lawlessness in Democratic-controlled Albany County, for which certain Democratic leaders have been indicted by the Federal Government. Specifically, John and Daniel O'Connell, the brothers of the Democratic County Chairman, and other Democratic politicians are now being tried in Boston. They could have been prosecuted in this State at any time during the past three years. They went scot-free until they unwarily extended their operations beyond the State borders, where they could be reached by the United States authorities. The agents of their great gambling pool peddled their bets, not only in the State buildings, but in the State Capitol, where Governor Smith was administering the affairs of the State. These facts, in addition, are common knowledge and have been. For Governor Smith to plead lack of knowledge of these conditions is absolutely impossible. As I have said repeatedly, I do not question his personal character, or say that he profited personally thereby, but he made no attempt to stop this condition. There was a festering sore beneath his very eyes, but he did not cauterize it.

Sins of omission of this type come close to equaling sins of commission, particularly in a public servant.

What position does The Outlook take? It states, in effect, that it believes no public servant should be held to account for commercialized lawlessness which he knew of and could stop, provided he did not profit thereby or engage personally therein.

Two months ago you asked me for an article urging idealism in politics.

Today you condemn me for an attempt to drive public officials into cleaning up commercialized lawlessness.

Times have changed, and these are sorry days, indeed, when The Outlook is content with negative virtue in a public man, and does not demand positive righteousness.

In all fairness to me, I feel you should print this letter in your next issue.

New York City. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[To this letter we can now add that Daniel O'Connell and twenty-six others have pleaded guilty. John O'Connell was indicted, but has been cleared of the charge.

Colonel Roosevelt, we know, wishes to be wholly candid; but he writes under a misapprehension. The fact that The Outlook paid whole-hearted tribute to his denunciation of corruption in his own party is sufficient evidence that The Outlook is not content with "negative virtue." The days, after all, are not so sorry.

But evidence of lawlessness is one thing—in that Colonel Roosevelt's charges have been sustained. Evidence of complicity of a Governor in the lawlessness of local politicians—whether his own party or not—is another and very different thing. We believe that the American people demand "positive righteousness" in public men; but we do not believe that the American people have as yet any evidence which would attach to Governor Smith the opprobrium that belongs to the corruptionist.

—THE EDITORS.]

Criticism of the Navy

YOUR editorial, "Disciplining Magruder," causes me, with a sense of fair play, to say that you are mistaken; the Admiral Magruder incident is understood by those in the Navy, and cannot be fully explained to the public because of personalities involved. However, your first statement is misleading; he was not relieved of a command because of the "Saturday Evening Post" article, but presumably because of his actions and words subsequent to the publication of the article.

I am at liberty to publish today any article I choose relative to the Navy; however, I am expected to keep within bounds of propriety. What the press desires I cannot write, because I will not be sensational, nor make general charges which are incapable of proof.

The Navy Department is badly organized—still going on a law passed in 1842; this has been discussed many times, but Congress will not make any change, because it does not know, the public does not know, what changes should be made.

It is quite plain that your editorial was not written by one who knows the Navy and its needs.

I must say that many statements in your editorial are correct or nearly so.

R. E. POPE,
Captain U. S. N.,
Commanding, U. S. S. Memphis.

"John Brown's Body"

IN your issue of November 16, page 337, George Newell says of "John Brown's Body:"

> This song, a sort of hymn to the famous anti-slaver, hanged for his activities in freeing the slaves, first appeared in the South just before the Civil War. (Brown was executed at Charlestown, Virginia, 1859). The song immediately became popular and played no small part in precipitating the declaration of war.

And in one of the volumes of his "History of the United States" Channing speaks of the origin of the song as "obscure." Now in the "New England Magazine," n. s., v. 1, for December, 1889, there is by George Kimball a very complete, explicit, and apparently accurate account of the song's origin, according to which a company of recruits encamped on an island of Boston Harbor, many of whom joined the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers, included a certain Scotch John Brown whose name afforded the others amusement, so that if he appeared late at roll-call he was greeted, "Hurry up, John Brown, if you are going to free the slaves," to which somebody would reply: "John Brown's dead. His body lies moldering in the grave," followed by exclamations of surprise: "Is that so?" Little by little the song grew of itself, a church organist among the soldiers, named Greenleaf, setting to it the tune of a camp-meeting hymn, "Say, brothers, will you greet us?" It got its introduction to the public when the regiment to which these soldiers belonged sang it marching down Broadway, New York, on their way to the front. Originally there were various versions, one of which included the line: "John Brown's whisky bottle lies empty on the shelf," a gross perversion, John Brown having been a teetotaler. FREDERICK J. SHEPERD.
Buffalo, New York.

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God made the Dark, so Daytime
Could close its tired eyes
And sleep a while in comfort
Beneath the starry skies.

The Daytime, just like children,
Needs rest from work and play,
So it can give us children
Another happy day.

God made the Dark for children
And birdies in their nest.
All in the Dark *He* watches
And guards us while we rest.

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It was getting near Christmas time. Why would it not be a good idea to buy a bond, just a baby bond, for my small son? Though only two years old, he could not, of course, understand the full significance of bond-ownership. But it would do both him and me good for him to possess a real investment, and as time went on we could study investment problems together. I grew quite enthusiastic.

Away uptown I hesitated before the window of a branch office of a famous house that sells bonds all over the world. I noticed that one of the gentlemanly bond purveyors was at leisure, and I walked in.

"Something in bonds," I said.

"For yourself?" he inquired politely.

"Yes—in a way," I replied. "What would you suggest?"

"We have some very good first-mortgage public utilities," he said. "If you will only give me an idea"—

This, of course, was impossible. One cannot give what one hasn't.

I checked an impulse to say, "You shoot first." But I must have said something like it because he opened a drawer in his desk and took out a set of circulars and charts and began to expound.

THEREUPON there ensued one of the most confusing half-hours of my life. I kept my eyes fixed on his face while he talked, somewhat atoning by my attention for the lack of intelligence which, had he been less earnest, he would surely have observed.

He spoke of long and short term bonds; of bonds with and without certain features which he called "convertible." He mentioned tax-free clauses, and in this connection named several States in which I, a resident of Rhode Island, had absolutely no interest. "I don't live there," I told him. He went briskly on to inheritance-tax matters. "But I may not die in Rhode Island," I said. "I might die in Vermont, where we go summers."

Deeper and deeper we delved into the intricacies of bonds. I had never imagined that they could be so varied and complex. Just before he concluded I *almost* said:

"I want a bright-green bond for $500 for my baby boy. All I want is just a plain bond."

"I am sorry," replied the salesman. "They are completely out of fashion, and all we have are pink."

Then, as the reader must by now have guessed, I woke up.

I HAVE taken space to describe this figment of the sleeping imagination because, upon careful consideration, it seems accurately to picture a very common experience. Often this experience is represented to us by an inquiring reader who says, "How can I educate myself about investments?" Or by readers who, revealing that they own a considerable property, show by their inquiries that they have never taken the pains to inform themselves of the elements of investments, not to say of investing.

There is no royal road to expert learning in any field, particularly in the investment field. Nor is there any short cut. Reading, study, discussion, experience—these are the things needed to give one even an approach to familiarity if one would avoid the mental confusion which attacks him who first ventures into this realm.

Reading—and good reading—on investment problems is available today at little cost of anything but time. Metropolitan daily newspapers run well-edited financial sections. These departments, not omitting the advertisements, should be read. Some weeklies and several monthlies have more or less adequate financial articles and columns of comment. In addition, there is a fairly large and comprehensive literature about investing and investments.

Those who live in the larger cities can make contacts with banks and trust companies, not to say brokers and investment houses, which can give current information and advice. Indeed, quite a library of financial reading can be accumulated by writing to responsible advertisers of financial wares and requesting copies of their publications.

ALL this leads to study. But if study is to be most fruitful it should not be solitary, and that new enterprise, the investment club or discussion club, has arisen to meet this need. How these clubs operate and how they may give experience in addition to theory we have before now set forth.

We are far from advocating that the schools and colleges should "teach investments." If they perform their tasks well, they are already giving instruction in the very fundamentals of investment when they teach economics, business, and law. But we strenuously advocate courses in investing and investments for the adult man, whether in business or out of it, whether rich or poor. Such courses can be carried on at any time, at any place, under self-instruction. And no one knows when the knowledge thus attained will be worth many times the effort needed to acquire it. W. L. S.

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WANTED, by widow living alone, working housekeeper. Must be well and able to cook. One other helper kept. Would not object to her having some nursing experience. Am seeking woman of refinement between 35-45 years of age, one willing to travel or stay, who desires permanent home and can give loyalty and interest. 8,178, Outlook.

WANTED—Housekeeper in motherless home consisting of father and three grown children. Would prefer American widow with daughter. Telephone Beekman 9282. R. Samuel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPANION or COURIER. University man, traveled extensively, as companion to California, West Indies, anywhere, or would act as courier abroad. 8,144, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CONGENIAL, experienced governess-housekeeper, secretary-companion, fond of children, teaching English, German, music, singing, æsthetics, needlework, catering, seeks responsible position anywhere. Unencumbered. 8,175, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED nurse maid wants position. 8,179, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, willing to make herself generally useful. Thoroughly competent to manage a home and servants. Exceptional references. 8,177, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER—Refined middle-aged woman, teaching and matron experience, ten years in one position, wishes institutional matronry. Excellent references. Address American Protestant, 8,172, Outlook.

POSITION as chaperon or housemother for school or institution by cultivated, traveled woman, who understands the problems of youth. References. 8,174, Outlook.

READER to invalid or group. College graduate. 8,176, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate desires position companion-secretary. French. Excellent references. 8,171, Outlook.

YOUNG college woman, nursery governess, near New York. Reference. 8,170, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

CHRISTIAN home of refinement and culture is available for one or two small children in widow's home in Seattle, Washington. Prefer girls of pre-school age. I can give the best of training and real mother love to child needing such. Reasonable rates. Highest references. Address Mrs. N. E. B., 3212 Hunter Blvd., Seattle, Wash.

By the Way

A STRANGER who had been in a small town but a few days lost a very valuable dog. He went to the newspaper office and wrote an advertisement to be run that night offering a twenty-five dollar reward for the return of the dog. Evening came, and no paper appeared. Finally, anxious to see his "ad," he went down to the office of the newspaper, and found only the janitor there. "Isn't there going to be any paper this evening?" he inquired. "No, suh," replied the floor-sweeper. "No paper today. Ev'body's out huntin' fo' dat dog."

"Nah!" the street orator is quoted as saying in London "Opinion." "Any more interruptions and I finishes up—leavin' yer ignorant of the 'orrible times in which yer lives."

The London "Times" recently printed the following personal:

> WILL THE GIRL IN GREEN who was selling flags near the Arcade in Bond Street on Wednesday accept the sincere apologies of the man for the gauchery he committed? His only excuse is that he was carried away by a very charming personality.

In the issue of the next day an answering personal appeared:

> GIRL IN GREEN will accept personal apology in same place Wednesday, 11 A.M.

A landmark placed in the little town of Ogden, Kansas, by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey is the starting-point for all surveys and boundaries in the United States. All Government surveys are made on that basing line, probably because that is the geographic center of the country.

An average of nearly 500 cups of coffee per person was consumed in this country during the past year.

According to press reports, traffic conditions in Cleveland, Ohio, have come to such a pass that school-children wear metal identification tags similar to those worn by soldiers in the World War. These tags are to aid the police in finding the parents of children injured in crossing streets.

A recent survey of newspaper syndicate services showed that there are 184 standard comic strips being used by dailies all over the country. The most popular comics are furnished with the quips in the balloons translated into all languages for foreign consumption. The leading syndicates employ "gag men" at enormous salaries to prime the authors of these strips with so-called "wise-cracks."

Lady settlement worker (to rough-looking immigrant): "So you came over in the steerage? How interesting! You know, I never would have suspected you were a college man."

A SHORT time ago we printed a twenty-seven-word sonnet. Here is one in twenty-two words:

Restrain
Despair,
Fore'er
Inane;
Disdain
Dull care,
And ne'er
Complain.

Now, sir,
You try
A sonnet
Shorter
Than I
Have done it.

Perhaps even this is not an irreducible minimum.

Though it will be unwelcome news to the moralists, we must report that research shows that the busy bee is short-lived. After being hatched out in the summer months, he wears himself out, rubs his fur off in patches, grows rheumatic in his joints, and dies of old age by the sixth week.

According to the Chicago "Tribune," "The dead man left St. Louis Tuesday to walk to Dayton."

AMERICAN meat-packers are very much concerned about the abuse of the term "hot dogs" and want all newspaper editors to slash all references to that popular name. The packers don't care what other slogan is developed as long as the "hot dog" is a dead dog. "Red hots" is becoming a preferred term. The chief objective of the meat-packers is the cartoonist's pencil. They don't want to see any more of those cartoons depicting a dog entering a meat-grinder and emerging as a string of frankfurters.

Abe Martin says: "The Lord must have his hands full these days helpin' those who 'er helpin' 'emselves."

Can you solve the following enigma? Answer next week.

I am a word of letters three,
Which rhyme with one another;
Fond hopes are sometimes pinned on me.
Transpose two letters; add another,
Which rhymeth with the three;
Lo, I am now my first self's brother.
Or, stay, my first self's progeny;
No more are fond hopes pinned on me;
I gender grief and agony;
From source of hopes (though mixed with fears)
I'm changed into a source of tears.

Answer to last week's puzzle: "Civic."

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